

B. MARTIN DE PORRES

DEC. 9, 1569—Nov. 3, 1639

WHEN I began to read the "life" of Martin Porres, I wondered, at first, whether it were even a palimpsest, and whether any sort of man might be discoverable beneath the phrases. When, however, I found that he once came to the help of an injured dog, my spirits revived; and when, as I read still further, it turned out that he was fond of rats, I felt sure that all would be well. In fact, this affection for rats became a regular clue to the understanding of Martin's mind and feeling, in this sense, that while I don't imply that he consciously translated anything he experienced or felt in himself or about the world, into his tenderness for creatures which everybody hated, yet an observer, assuredly, may be led by this symptom, so to speak, to appreciate the man more intimately. However, this genesis of an interpretation may perfectly well be left to one side. What matters, here as always, is to watch "God wonderful in His holy places," of which not the least beautiful, at that time and in that place, was this poor negro's heart.

I.

"At the bottom of the hole, lay the rat crouching. And close to the rat, thrust through the narrow bars, were two hands . . . They looked dreadful down there in the pit, . . . and the thought (came) that they were the hands of a dead man. But . . . there came a different thought, and he fancied that the hands were pleading for the rat . . . they touched it, caressingly, the great grey rat . . . and as if encouraged, the rat slipped along by the men's wrist, and disappeared."—R. P. GARROLD, *The Man's Hands*.

Martin Porres was born at Lima, in Peru, on December 9, 1569. His father, Don Juan de Porres, was a Spanish nobleman, and a Knight of the Order of Alcantara. In the biographies I have looked at, I cannot find it definitely stated that he married Anna Velasquez, a Panama negress, and Martin's mother. He may have done so, in a fit of passion, or of obedient repentance; but it is quite clear they did not live together.

The separation became, apparently, definite, when their son proved to be as black as his mother and frankly negro in type.

Juan refused to have anything to do with him, would not even see him, and made him over to the care of Anna. But to be held in contempt may either soften the heart, and arouse sympathy within you for your fellow-pariahs, or it may fill it with a passionate resentment. It was to soften Martin; but it hardened Anna; and in particular she concentrated her bitter indignation upon the unfortunate baby, who, assuredly, was innocent. But she, poor woman, who had quite clearly pinned her hopes upon the child, and had foreseen herself as the acknowledged wife of the Spaniard, and mistress in his house, and had dreamt of heaven knows what other social glories and domestic ties re-knitted, and all along of the incomparable son she had dreamt of, now found in him the decisive factor in her downfall. He meant all avenues of approach now closed to her, and definitely closed; and so she hated him. His life would have been squalid enough, in any case, on account of the extreme poverty in which she existed; but it became one long persecution at the hands of her who should have loved him; and, with a father and mother to whom alike he was worse than a mere encumbrance—a constant positive disgrace and a challenge to ill-will, the little black boy lived out a cowed and frightened childhood.

For the impression was too strong to be effaced by any kindnesses outside the walls of his home. Martin was quite clearly a lovable little boy; and negroes are, I think, a child-like and very soft-hearted race, characteristics not in the least to be disproved by instances of brutality and wild passion: indeed, the sentimental and the blindly brutal often co-exist. Perhaps the kindness of neighbours just saved his spirit from being broken; perhaps the Spanish strain in him interfered with that: at all events, he did not *merely* slink through childhood, and some sort of protest, under guise of praise, was sent to his father. Don Juan remembered his son's existence; had him fetched; and took the boy, now aged about eight, to Santiago de Guaquil, where he held a Government office. There the boy was put to a poor school, and received the elements of an education. After this, he returned to Lima, and was destined to be a doctor's assistant, and in fact, began his training. It is here that the personality of the lad first reveals itself, or its positive side at any rate. Martin, who at every turn had had his mean estate driven home to him, who knew that he was but tolerated upon the earth, and was a sheer offence to all those whom his father

represented, poured out the pent-up contents of his soul in a perfect frenzy of pity for human suffering. They talk much, nowadays, of soul-healing, and of eliminating much anguish of the body (itself how deeply rooted in the unguessed distresses of the mind!) by the study and the treatment of what is so much nearer the roots of life. Well then, precisely because Martin's ill-treated soul had not been shrivelled into rancour, it blossomed into sympathy; and the unskilful lad, ignorant of much in the way of method and quite inexperienced, won his way into the hearts, and healed the sicknesses, of half the town by the direct action of his love.

I would suggest that we have witnessed here, already, a very wonderful thing. It goes to one's heart, rather, to allude thus, in a page or two, to a childhood quivering in its every nerve with those sufferings childhood alone can properly experience, and which are so dreadful—I will appeal to anyone, in corroboration, who remembers their passion of indignation when they have seen a happy, trustful child undeservedly snubbed, laughed at, shouted at; and how the bright expectant little face turns so suddenly into astonishment, incredulity, and then dismay; and to anyone who has seen a child struck, and struck cruelly—well, those first eight years at least of Martin's life were all like that, and it seems terrible to suggest that they felt as short as their recital looks on paper. But what I want to emphasize is that Martin Porres went on all his life feeling what you would expect him to have felt—downtrodden, that is; not wanted; outside the pale; a creature who had to ask that his existence be excused. Yet, once more, he was not driven back utterly onto, and into, himself; his personality, though he was timid and clumsy and found verbal self-expression so hard, worked itself masterfully forth in the shape of energy for others, an inspired energy, a love-souled energy; an energy precisely *not* that of the full-blooded, hearty, successful "social-worker," but of one who guessed, by his own suffering, what the sufferings of others might be; and because no one helped him,—and even, he could not help himself, because he felt he *was* the rat among his fellows which all men made it clear they thought him—was all the more tenderly, intuitively eager to help those other helpless.

II.

This part of Martin's life came to an end when he was twenty-two. He then offered himself to Father Juan de

Lorenzana, Dominican Provincial of Peru, and declared that he wished to enter the Convent of the Rosary at Lima as an "Oblate" or Tertiary. It is rather piquant to observe that Martin's father, suddenly aware that his son was about to acquire a sort of social status, such as would else have altogether been denied to him, decided that while he was about it he had better get all that *could* be got, and begged the Provincial, and the Prior, Don Francis de Vega, to admit the young man as a lay-Brother; for it appears that according to the subtle differentiation of social planes proper to that place and hour, it was more respectable to be a lay-Brother than an Oblate. The Superiors could perhaps have agreed, had not Martin made it clear that he had no intention of placing himself anywhere save where he felt himself properly to belong, namely, in the lowest place. He "travelled third because there was no fourth." Herein I am fairly sure that I do not exaggerate. I know that hagiography, from the sixteenth century to our own, loves to emphasize social differences, and insists that the servant of God in question, though of high rank, was not puffed up by it, or, though of low rank, was not ashamed of it; and altogether, in this department, leaves a bad taste in our mouths. However, that sort of thing, in the Latin countries at any rate, was clearly what those generations asked for; and nobody can deny that the Saints themselves, though singularly emancipated, were to some extent men of their generation. And the evidence that Martin Porres was all his life reminded, and reminded himself, of the "meanness of his extraction," and the "disgrace of his origin," is quite overwhelming. If this had had a positive reaction, and made him seek out, fawn on, and envy rank, and lick his lips when the flattery of the "great" came his way, he would have been no saint, but the mass of insincerity which all snobs are. But this again is not what happened. Just as he might have grown to hate the Spaniards, because he was not like them, and hate the blacks, because he was, but did neither of these two things, but loved all who, he realized, were like himself in suffering; so, in religion, he never doubted of his affinity with humble things; and the more they were disesteemed, the more he felt his place to be among them. It is true that later on, high ecclesiastics and splendid courtiers began to realize something of his true worth, and patronized him; but he had no real means of including this in his perspective; when a fellow-religious

found him, one day, engaged on quite the humblest of his domestic duties, and, with extreme bad taste, observed, "It would be pleasanter to be in the Archbishop's palace, would it not, than here!" he could only remember that here precisely he was in God's house, and that anywhere the lowest position ought properly to be his. The negro temperament is fluid and remains in a great measure impressionable; but it must surely set firm to some degree; a few initial associations of ideas must surely become permanent; and I certainly believe that the first article of Martin's personal creed was that he was a pariah and existed only on sufferance.

He expressed all this in the naïve, demonstrative, *italicized* manner which was proper to his race. He would never sit down in a priest's presence; or, if he were forced to, only on the floor; he genuflected to priests as they passed, and kissed their hands. Nor can we pretend that those even, of whom better things might have been expected, failed to add impetus to his self-abnegation.

It was, I suppose, not too astonishing that a layman, whom he had somehow annoyed, lost his temper, and called him "dog of a mulatto" and a galley-bird. But it was regrettable that even within the convent walls, tempers were not thoroughly in control. A religious was suffering from what reads as if it were gout. Under a particularly severe twinge he yelled for Martin, who was infirmarian. Martin arrived too slowly to please the sick man, who called him "hypocrite" and "impostor," and deplored that he had never before had occasion to detect what a lazy good-for-nothing, beneath his mask of readiness, he really was. Martin replied, with what in anyone else would have been undoubtedly a touch of sarcasm, that the reverend Father must indeed be congratulated for having discovered, in the four days of their association, what in all these years his companions in the convent had failed to see. I should be inclined to think that this retort had been invented by the biographer, and, to his mind, expressed just deep humility; were it not that on another occasion an obviously authentic episode reveals the infirmarian as by no means devoid of feelings, and quite sensitive to unfairness and ingratitude. To another sick priest's call he had hastened as soon as he could leave the necessary occupation in which he was engaged. The patient, his nerves mastering him, fell upon the unfortunate Martin with violent invective. The infirmarian felt the surge of indignation;

he escaped for a moment into the next room and prayed for mastery; he returned; the sick man continued to abuse him, and so loud that people began to run to his room to see what was the matter. There was Martin, on his knees beside the bed; and there was the priest, hitched up upon his elbow, scolding him. "Whatever is the matter, Martin?" asked one of the new arrivals. "I am receiving the Ashes," said he with a smile; and we are left assured that from the unpromising, down-trampled terrain of Martin's soul, jets of free natural wit, of *mischief*, even, could still shoot forth. All the same, whatever the real stuff was, of which Martin Porres was composed, the first impression made upon it, by his up-bringing (which was all of a piece) remained stronger than any subsequent experiences: when the Bishop of Cuzco and the Archbishop of Mexico, Don Felician de Vega, and certain members of the nobility, and even the Viceroy of Peru himself, came in one way or another to have dealings with the Dominican Tertiary, and well discerned his worth, he never could believe that any *honours* he received in their households were given to him otherwise than in jest, and thought that he was, in fact, regarded there as something like those blackamoor pages who held disgraceful rank in the houses of our great ladies later on. It is no doubt likely that the entourage of these noble personages rendered no more than an obsequious homage to Martin Porres, and failed to see in him all that their masters saw; and, when left to themselves, may have shown him marks of esteem which were, in truth, little more than insults; and in this way I expect it was quite right and reasonable that Martin should have felt himself worse than ill at ease in those grand precincts. But it would be a pity if the ecclesiastics and great lay nobles who valued him, had offered a sincere welcome only to find it rebuffed by a false humility; and I do not think it is necessary to suppose that Martin ever so rebuffed it, nor yet that his biographers are merely inventing incidents which, because they think them edifying, they feel certain must have happened. It was quite possible for so simple and honest a man as Martin to perceive, be grateful for, and reciprocate the goodwill which existed in these patrons of his *as men*, and yet to have been quite terrified by the recollection that they were, too, great officials, and to have felt himself hopelessly out of place in their houses. He had been made to believe he was a slave, or as good—that is, as bad as one;

and although the negro *underlines* his cringing quite as much as, when he is brutal, his brutality, we need not put down his consistent ranking of himself among slaves as due to "racial italics." He believed there were such things, and he believed he was one. Such was the social assumption of his day; and such his individual "twist." The Prior, one day, in despair about some debts, and preparing to sell some of the Convent property, saw himself confronted by the Oblate. "Father Prior," said he, "don't sell those things. *I* am the Convent's property, and nearly useless. *Sell me.* I may find a master who will make me work."

Yet you will see, in a moment, that he worked hard enough. But his work and even his penances were coloured by this profound conviction of his essentially low place in the human scale. "Dog of a mulatto," he called himself, while administering his nightly discipline—in fact, he scourged himself thrice nightly, in imitation of St. Dominic, and, during the last part of this penance, called a negro, whose nerves were not likely to be sensitive, to his aid. He felt he was putting himself below his own sort, even. . . . To his superiors, when they insisted, once, upon his sleeping in a decent bed—he snatched a broken rest on some bench or other, as a rule, or curled up in the infirmary—he answered, in characteristic style, "What! a bed for me—a dog of a mulatto who, in 'the world' would have had no bread, nor wine, nor pillow . . . ?" And I shall be forgiven if I insist that *even if* his biographers put these phrases into his mouth (which I see no reason for assuming) the kind of people who surrounded him and afterwards wrote of him, clearly, according to their social prejudices, so *thought* of him, and it were no wonder if, under such continued "suggestion," he thought of himself so too. And he no doubt did; and no doubt said so. And negroes readily *do* say so.

This then is where I feel his influence on animals, based on an almost Franciscan affection for them, must be mentioned.

Mules are annoying creatures and get little sympathy. A Lima mule had fallen into a pit, and lay there struggling and doomed, presumably, to death. For it appears that a large crowd was standing, with that reluctance to lend a hand which we had tended to associate perhaps too exclusively with the British public, and was contemplating the spectacle. However, the mule was the poor property of an Indian; moreover, as the Saint said, with love and indignation, it was "God's

creature." He spoke to it; the mule gave docile heed; he extricated it—no one knew how—from its imprisoning pit, and gave it to its master. . . .

Another day, down the street, scattering the passers, in panic, to right and left, came galloping an infuriated bull. Martin went straight to meet it, held up his hand, and the bull stopped dead.

As for the miracle on the dog—well, after all, perhaps it was scarcely a miracle, except in so far as that a Liman of his day should worry about a wounded dog was little short of one. I think, in that "culture cycle," as they would put it nowadays, pity for wounded animals had little place. Anyhow, he found the dog, which had been fighting, and said to him: "You've been trying to show off: look what you've got for it!" for the dog was horribly torn and bleeding. He took him home, washed him, dressed his wound, and "in 5 or 6 days" cured him completely. Then he took him to the door, and sent him off, saying, "Go home to your master, and behave yourself!"

But all this counts for little in comparison to his devotion to rats. The thing became notorious when he heard, one day, that severe measures were about to be resorted to against the Convent rats, which were spoiling everything. He saw one, and called it. The rat arrived and sat up listening. "Little brother rat," said he to it, "there's no more safety here for you. Go and call your companions and take them to the bottom of the garden. I'll look after you." The trustful rat went off on its errand, and after a while the Community admired processions of rats advancing down each corridor and stair, and through the cloisters, and making for the bottom of the garden. What happened to them when they got there, we aren't told, any more than what happened to the Hamelin rats when they got inside the mountain. But I imagine that their saintly Pied Piper may have smiled rather crookedly when, from his place in heaven, he began to perceive that in many districts, and especially in Italy, people were beginning to invoke him as their patron in their wars on rats. I never will believe he just cajoled them to their doom. I expect he fed them daily, off half the *Yucca* root he used for his own dinner. . . .

Yet, though I called his love for these small creatures "half Franciscan," I think there is a difference. Francis felt himself brother indeed of dust and creeping things, but brother

too of sun and streams and stars, and the least of them was great, because the true child of God supremely great. Martin, I think, saw himself as small; so small, that true fellowship save with the least things in creation was, for him, unthinkable. It was their smallness, too, that he saw, and loved it out of fellowship. Yet with this pole-to-pole distinction. Most men, who love smallness, meanness, the ugly and the distorted, do so because they *are* small, mean and spoilt or atrophied; Martin did so, because he thought of himself, and had been taught to think of himself, as all these things, but was none of them. "Thou sayest," wrote the Prophet to the Laodicean church, "'Wealth have I and wealthy am I, and no need is mine,' and knowest not that *thou* art the miserable and pitiable and mendicant and blind and naked . . ."; and all the while that Martin thought himself a slave and fit for prison and chose rats for friends, he of all that worthy company in the Convent is the one of whom we still are surest that he was free, and strong, and great beyond his fellows.

There is another side of Martin's life which I have, rather reluctantly, to outline.

He was a very active and socially valuable man.

Despite his quartan ague, which racked him every winter (however, he lived to be 70), he was infirmarian (and could use his early training for more than mere small doctorings), and barber to the entire community and looked after all the linen. That, in the house, to start with. But his activities went far beyond the Convent. You might have thought he would not have felt much at home in barracks. Perhaps he didn't. Yet he certainly took the Callas garrison, near Lima, into his charge, and went there every other day; and since, as you may imagine, the private soldier, in Peru, in 1600, had none too pampered an existence, he saw to it that they were at least properly fed. Prisons, on the other hand, were where you might have expected him; conditions had never been made any too kind for prisoners; but the Renaissance in the Latin countries, and the Reform, where it conquered, had restricted or ruined that Catholic charity which had counted it Christ's work to visit them; Porres, however, loved them; and the prisoners of Lima were not ungrateful. Under that scorching sun, once, he even sold his hat, that the few half-pence gained might buy them bread. And he assuredly had method. (Not but what I must first own he had impetuosi-

ties. He had a sister; she was dower-less; a present, to make her a marriage portion, reached his hands. Of his sister's sentiments we are not told; but his were what Brother Juniper's would have been—and I may recall that while one of his special friends was the Blessed John Massias at the Dominican Convent of the Magdalen at Lima, the other was a Franciscan—and he spent the present in buying clothes for the really poor. As a matter of fact, his sister got her dowry almost immediately afterwards; and, once again, Providence's smile is seen, as it were, just tolerant of the wise economist, and very kind towards its impulsive, generous children! Well, of his methods some were naïve. When he went out for walks, he sowed the seed of medicinal plants in likely places, for the benefit of an age whose simple herbalists managed not so much worse than we with all our chemicals. And he deliberately planted out an unclaimed plot of land with fig-trees, to be for ever the "patrimony of the poor," really not a bad variant of stumping your lordly park and planting it with acorns. . . . As a matter of fact he was quite businesslike in his arrangements. He had the feeding of about 160 destitute persons to see to daily. Tuesday and Wednesday were for cases, especially women and girls, where destitution was complete. Thursdays and Fridays provided alms for indigent ecclesiastics, and it is a commentary on the condition of the country that there were many of these, and that Martin Porres could fear that, to save their faces, they should be driven to methods of making money unworthy of their calling. He was very skilful in ministering to the needs of those poor whose motto had so frequently become: I cannot beg, to dig I am ashamed. And indeed, even to-day, the distress of lonely and unmoneyed and aged gentlewomen can form a separate and very poignant problem. The alms of Sundays went to the assistance of women, coloured and white impartially; and those of Mondays and Saturdays (we have frankly to beg tolerance, here, from the citizens of the Kingdom of Earth) for Masses for the Dead. Whether this were an ideal way of coping with social problems, far from me to discuss; at any rate there was no likelihood of getting at the roots of the matter then in Lima, and that was the only way Martin Porres saw of doing it, and he did it, heroically in his measure, which was that of but few others among his fellow-citizens. Yet I was forgetting. He established an orphanage. Lima was full of "lost" children, and do not

let us be too hard on her. At least they lived; and do not let us imagine that the sewers of New York or the canals of our North Country mining and manufacturing towns and villages know nothing of unwanted babies. Once the idea was properly set going, Archbishop, Viceroy, nobles, merchants, all threw themselves into the realizing it, and thus the college of Santa Cruz was instituted; but it was Martin who inspired it—a negro Tertiary.

Of course there are moments when events are too much for organization. When influenza devastated us a year or so ago, we saw nearly everything collapse, even in a city well broken in to hospitals. Once an epidemic settled down on Lima, the best regulated efforts were lost in the onrush of necessity. In the Convent itself, once, 60 lads lay ill; not content with ministering to these, Martin and his staff were prepared to house an almost indefinite number of the sick for whom hospitals had no more any room, until, for his brethren's sake, the Prior had to forbid them access. Undeterred, Martin descended upon his sister (her, I may say, he had reconciled to her husband, whom even her dowry had not kept affectionate), and won her over to turning her whole house into a hospital, where she and her husband took charge over her brother's *protégés*. He, meanwhile, was everywhere in the town at once; and in the cemeteries, lest infection should spread worse, and lest poor bodies should lack good Christian burial, he was seen digging graves. Yet not in all this is his spirit shown so clearly as on the day when to his cell he carried a man filthy and gangrenous, and laid him on his own bed and patiently tended him, seeing in him Christ, as in all ages saints have seen Him in the sick and sinner, and for His sake have tended them.

I am glad to have finished this brief page about efficiency on a note of Christian folly. Else I might have been thought to be "recommending" Martin Porres to esteem because of his philanthropic exertions and in despite of his "poverty of spirit." I should detest any such degradation of his value. His vocation as a Dominican oblate enabled and in fact encouraged him to do these things; but had he been called to live in silence and solitude, and therefore had he done none of them, I should regard his value in human history no whit less great. Indeed, it is an impertinence to Catholic belief in the Supernatural to say even as much as that. No one nowadays undervalues, in theory at least, the

active virtues. But, de-supernaturalized, they lose, not half their possible value, but all of a value of a quite different sort from anything they contain: a fourth dimension: a power transcending all that they are and all that they can reach. And—well, even on the natural plane, the beauty and value of Martin Porres in so acting is not that he displayed cheery, successful efficiency, and consciously contributed of the overflow of his humanity to his fellow-men; but that he did all this, feeling himself to be a perfect fool while doing it, and even for trying to do it, and with no real exhilaration and no self-confidence. Doubtless the negro's soul was patient of all sorts of moods, tossing it about and calming it in quick succession of storm and sunlight; but all through, underneath, he felt himself the "dog of a mulatto." I think there is a quite definite category of dreams in which one finds one's self doing in public something for which one knows one's self essentially and totally unfitted—conducting, say, an orchestra in Grand Opera; commanding an attack; addressing an important meeting of experts on a subject of which one knows nothing; one is hopelessly aware that one has no notion what to say or do next; each moment, disaster and disgrace seem inevitable: usually the brain, concentrated on that idea, fails to create the next event, and the disaster doesn't happen, and the stress, probably, wakes one up; but it is horrible while it lasts; and that, I think, is something of the continual *human* consciousness of many a man who, feeling he has no sort of aptitude for a duty, especially a spiritual duty, none the less *does* it. Who knows! the best sermons, for spiritual power, may well be those preached by a man who ascends the pulpit with quaking knees, and descends it half sick with self-disgust, and refusing to allow himself so much as to recall the nonsense he feels he's talked; the best visits to the sick, those of one who goes not knowing what on earth he shall say when he gets there, and who returns just praying that he may not have made the poor patient hate, not his visitor alone, but all that he represents. Rather like that, Martin Porres went through his life of "activity," and was *not* self-sickened, *not* despondent, not a runaway, because he relied totally on a power which was not human and had no need whatever of any qualities in its servant save obedience and love.

When Martin Porres did at last fall sick, it was not for many days. The moment he fell ill, he knew it was the end,

and said so. He suffered violent pain; but the Last Sacraments, for which he asked at once, refreshed him. However, the soul had its anguish too. The temptations proper to great impressionability had kept pace with him through life; now at the end, vanity, then unbelief and despair tormented him. A learned priest who was visiting him, during an hour of special distress of mind, told him never to *argue* with Satan. Argue! "Does your reverence really think," he asked the theologian, "that the devil condescends to subtleties with a poor fool like me?" Well then, at least he was spared that. The issues were all quite simple. He just had to *resist*. When his actual agony approached, the mental conflict did not diminish, and his fight for life, and for hold upon belief and right resolution was very fierce. However, quite towards the end he could hold and kiss his crucifix, and his mind became full of those presences whom in life he had loved. Those around him were reciting the Creed: he died when they reached the words *Et homo factus est*. "He was made man."

At that hour, therefore, of the negro's death, nothing was of any value to him, nor is, for the explaining of him, save the taking of our flesh by the eternal God. He who had, in life, scarcely been suffered to think of himself even as man, met, and was understood by, and understood, the God who had become just that. Not a triumphant man was Christ; not the bright hero of so much old mythology; not a fine flower of kinghood meant at best for whole-hearted admiration and fervent distant homage; no vestmented High Priest; but a man who "knew what was in men," was "tested at all points like as we are"; not our help, because He is so different from us; but so like us that only He can understand the one thing we never can divulge or share;—if you like, the one thing we can never ourselves truly understand—for nothingness bewilders the very fount of our understanding—the intimate weakness, the loneliness, the "imperfection" of our selves, all whereby we partake of nothingness; all that, far more than achievement, realization or actuality, lies at the heart of what is human.

The lights and movements and figures of that sick-room retire and may be left. There remain, in the dark and silence, those two, clasping hands and recognizing one another; Martin Porres, a man after all; and the eternal and infinite God, who, for his sake, had been made man.

C. C. MARTINDALE.

TRAILING CLOUDS OF GLORY

THIS is the story of a friend of mine called Wops. I believe he had another name, and I think it was Desmond Gillingham, but as he had never been baptized, I'm not sure, and I prefer to call him by the name he earned in a glorious slaughter of wasps one day in July. ("Wops" being Farmer Myer's rendering of the word.)

He was beautifully ugly, and only the weight of twelve summers and winters on his shoulders kept him from floating away in a perpetual day-dream.

I met him on Northways, where he and his Scout Patrol were spending the summer in the smallest of cottages known as "The Shack," under the government of one Jimmy, who was a capable person of fifteen with a Napoleonic frown and a tremendous sense of duty.

The reason I know what were Wops's thoughts on this particular September night, is that he told me himself, and it is with his permission that I write them down.

He sat on the hill-top, looking over the sea, with his night-shirt billowing about his shoulders and only an owl to look askance. Bed, even if it is only a straw-stuffed one, is far too hot on a September night to a small weather-hardened body. Clothes were as vexatious a penance to Wops as they ever were to a young savage in a Red Indian tribe.

Besides, he couldn't sleep. He had lain awake for one of those small eternities which occur in the night watches. At last, he had come out on the moor, and now he didn't mind how long the night lasted.

Behind him, Northways sloped down to the valley, which was full of shadows. Here and there a lighted window looked like a fire-fly drowned in some deep river. Beyond, Lynne rose into the translucent blue of the sky,—a calm outline unbroken by boulders or houses.

To his left lay the plantation, where the young trees fidgetted in the warm breeze. But on the brink of the valley was the fir-heavy darkness of the Raven Wood. It seemed to have crept away from the sea and the hill-top like some fugitive.

To his right was the moor. The heather on the higher parts was silhouetted against the moon-faded sky. It would come into its glory next month; now it was undeveloped and hardly beautiful.

The breakers fell on the beach below with the sigh of content with which a tired child throws itself into bed. They had had a busy day, Wops thought, for the wind had been lively enough to incite them to dance unceasingly, and now this broad beach, white and cool, must look very inviting.

He watched them. First the little impetuous leap . . . then the sigh of content . . . then the slipping lower . . . under the thin sheet of water . . . to sleep.

Wops watched in silence. Everything was asleep, or going to sleep . . . and yet something, perhaps most things, were awake and watching with him. It was so good to be alone and to be as un-grown up as he liked without giving scandal. Not even Jimmy knew of all the thoughts that lay in Wops's brain, waiting for expression; thoughts that sometimes got worn out with perpetual folding away until they could be used, before they had so much as been shaken out in all their beauty.

But now they could be spread out. The night would last even longer than it would take to feast his heart on them. He need not pretend that he didn't like pretending until the morning, and that was aeons away. He might even talk to himself. First of all, he would look at his plan of Heaven.

It was a patchwork thing, made with infinite patience out of the best parts of the best things in his life.

To begin with, it was to be cool like pebbles out of the hill stream, like new lilac leaves, and like Sunday evening. Then it must be clean as snowdrops and a baby rabbit.

The music of it was mostly "For thee, O dear, dear country"—to sound exactly as the old Vicar's daughter used to play it with the soft pedal down, yet so that he could hear it across two gardens as he lay in bed. There would also be some bugle notes and the complex sounds of carol singers on Christmas Eve (including the noise they made scraping the snow off their boots and being grateful for shillings and beer), but with the provision that there should be somebody kind to listen with him, so that he did not feel lonely in his tummy. Of course there would be the accompaniment of the Northways stream falling down hill with chuckles of surprise at its own venturesomeness; and both the quiet movement of an

evening sea and the splendid storm of wind and waves when it was necessary to sing "Eternal Father" at the Vicar's church.

As for colour, there would be the scarlet of geraniums that looked out of stuffy windows and shamed the morning. There would be a great deal of blue like comfrees and anchusa, and plenty of other blue as well; with just as much rose colour—real, red rose colour, none of your pinky shades,—but the colour that lies in cottage-garden roses, never to be stolen by lustful eyes, because no heart can hold it. It must either go back to God from the bush where He put it, or else be given Him through the hands of His poor, unless you fling it under His Feet on some such Feast as Corpus Christi.

There must, of course, be cowslip gold with the mysterious sunwarmed fragrance that has something to do with the colour.

A great deal of the plan was given up to such curious and unexplainable joys as the sense of speed, the holiness of Madonna lilies, of being warm on a wet day, of hugging a kitten and of recognizing things that had never happened before and yet came in somewhere.

The strange and yet the simple thing about this patchwork Heaven was that it not only belonged to God in some way, but it was God. This was perfectly plain to Wops, though he could not have put it into words. Perhaps the best way to explain it, is to say that they were the tangible parts of Him. Had Wops known his Bible a little better, he would have known that the Creator of Heaven and Earth expressly told people to think about lilies. Unfortunately it has gone out of fashion to believe that He meant exactly what He said. I know of few people who do not think it waste of time to consider lilies from any other point of view than that of decoration or botany. Perhaps that is why they have such peculiarly odious ideas of the Creator.

Wops clearly understood that the Bible was composed of two parts: the Old Testament which was vulgar in parts and full of unpronounceable names, though well worth reading; and the New Testament, which was not mentioned in polite society, except by people like Piggy, whose mother was a Methodist, and Bug, who was altogether a baby and said his prayers on a string of beads. Put together, they were useful to adjust music stools to short legs.

He also understood that this Book was a mine of know-

ledge on the subject of God. He had waded through a good deal of it, and left it, unenlightened. In those days, evidently God talked to people in a natural way, which must have saved a great deal of trouble. Now He apparently did so no longer. Therefore, the Book was out of date. Wops fought shy of the New Testament. It was such an extraordinary story. He felt that it was best to leave it alone. If it had anything to do with God, it did not touch Him directly. It was much quicker to find Him in tremendous happinesses when, like a bird, the soul lifted itself up into the air, and found Him.

It was all a mystery. One found God with sure certainty—but only as a blind bird knows the sun. The warmth and happiness were unmistakable, . . . but one did not see. Nevertheless, Wops believed, and had believed ever since he could remember, that some day, someone would make him see. He wanted to see, and he believed that every desire is made to be satisfied as surely as hunger and thirst are made for bread and wine.

The blindness ached a good deal. There were times when his whole soul rebelled against the ache, and then he had to walk miles and eat lots of apples. But there were other times when he felt that he was not far from the end of his Quest, and then he would laugh to himself, and run across the downs like a colt, sure that the veiled Eyes were looking at him and smiling. And Jimmy would call him a "giddy ass" and wondered what possessed him.

He felt so just now, only, being night, he sat still instead of running. He was animal enough to feel the instinctive hush which sends wild things home to sleep. Only the wood thief and the murderer were too coarse-skinned to feel it; they skulked in the shadows and shrank from the stars.

All was well if one sat still, for the very stillness was protection. Reynard dare not enter utter silence. It is only the reassuring flutter which greets him that makes him brave enough to make his way into the hen-house.

In the same way, things evil were powerless in the presence of happiness and the absence of fear. That is knowledge inborn of every little savage. The stir of a nerve is enough to invite danger. But there is nothing under heaven that can break the tranquillity.

Knowing this, he sat on the hill-top with the feeling of absolute security that every child has when he sits on his

mother's knee. Night sounds hedged him round, but nothing touched him.

The great sweep of sea lay below him,—black against the moon-white beach. Thence it lay still, covering many strange things out, until it could lean against the sky which bent over it.

The goodness of it lay heavy on Wops's heart. It was such riches and his heart such a very small vessel to hold it all. Either the loveliness must be so pressed down that it would lose its freshness, or else he could only take some tiny portion and leave the rest.

"It's such a waste!" he said, aloud. But that struck him as wrong. Waste was something that couldn't happen in connection with God. "It must get used somehow. Really *used*. I suppose there is somehow that He can do it."

He wriggled, which meant that he wished to make himself into an indiarubber and rub out the thought from his mind.

"It hurts!" he muttered. "Why doesn't anybody say why?"

Possibly (I say "possibly" in case anybody reads this book with the fixed idea that God is a kind of Almighty Ecclesiastical Dignitary, eternally before the British Public) God bent down and took such a top-heavy thought away, while He distracted Wops with one of the especial sweetnesses which He keeps for children and saints.

A seagull, apparently roused by a rabbit, cried, and lifted itself into the night. Perhaps it had trespassed over the line where the white cliffs ceased to be cliffs and became hill-top.

Wops watched it, fascinated. The shimmer of its wings made it look like a broken star as it hung in the sky.

He thought that it must have been wanted in Heaven. The rabbit might only have come to remind it, and its cry might have been a cry of delight. It might even have seen God beckoning . . . even if it had only seen His Finger. Supposing those funny little eyes, like jewels in water, were looking at God now . . . at this minute?

Then he sighed. It must be so very easy to find God behind the stars. Why, every one would show you the way. On earth, it was so frightfully difficult!

Once again the burdensome thought vanished. He had rolled over on his chest; now something made him nuzzle

into the deepness of wild thyme, pressing his eyes into the coolness and biting the leaves.

"I'm nearer!" he muttered in ecstasy. "God! God!"

Sea and sky seemed to close over him. Here, down here was God. They seemed to look over Wops's shoulder at Him, but only as angels looked at a Baby on Mary's knee. They did not dare to touch Him. Wops not only touched Him, but clung to Him.

Moments passed, and perhaps Mother Mary smiled at St. Joseph. They knew the way of a child. As happily as Elizabeth of Hungary lay in the Divine Arms awaiting the kiss of death, Wops slept with his cheek against the grass.

C. R. HALLACK.

THE PASCHAL MOON

O SWEET saint moon, your fingers white,
A-stir within my hair to-night,
Are perfumed with God's mysteries,
Since, groping through the trembling trees,
They touched, deep in the olive wood,
The ruddy blossoms of His Blood.

SISTER MARY BENVENUTA, O.P.

PASSION SERMONS AND ISAIAS 53

1. Who hath believed our report and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed? 2. And he shall grow up as a tender plant before him and as a root out of a thirsty ground: there is no beauty in him nor comeliness: and we have seen him and there was no sightliness that we should be desirous of him: 3. despised, and the most abject of men, a man of sorrows, and acquainted with infirmity: and his look was as it were hidden and despised, whereupon we esteemed him not. 4. Surely he hath borne our infirmities and carried our sorrows: and we have thought him as it were a leper, and as one struck by God and afflicted. 5. But he was wounded for our iniquities: he was bruised for our sins: the chastisement of our peace was upon him and by his bruises we are healed. 6. All we like sheep have gone astray, everyone hath turned aside into his own way: and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all. 7. He was offered because it was his own will, and he opened not his mouth: he shall be led as a sheep to the slaughter and shall be dumb as a lamb before his shearer, and he shall not open his mouth. 8. He was taken away from distress and from judgment: who shall declare his generation? because he is cut off out of the land of the living: for the wickedness of my people have I struck him. 9. And he shall give the ungodly for his burial and the rich for his death: because he hath done no iniquity, neither was there deceit in his mouth. 10, 11. And the Lord was pleased to bruise him in infirmity: if he shall lay down his life for sin, he shall see a long-lived seed, and the will of the Lord shall be prosperous in his hand: and by his knowledge shall this my just servant justify many, and he shall bear their iniquities. 12. Therefore will I distribute to him very many, and he shall divide the spoils of the strong, because he hath delivered his soul unto death, and he was reputed with the wicked: and he hath borne the sins of many, and he hath prayed for the transgressors.

IN this paper we do not intend to discuss the Messianic character of the above passage; but we take for granted that the future has been unveiled before the eyes of the seer, and that he is describing for us, in words whose pathos and beauty are familiar, the sufferings of our Lord Jesus Christ. We also assume, for it needs no proof, that these

sufferings, in a very true sense, were undergone for us, and that by them we are redeemed. The prophet tells us, with repeated emphasis, that we are healed by the bruises of this servant of Jahve, and that on him the Lord "hath laid the iniquities of us all." But clear as is this assertion, it is interpreted in two very different ways; and it is these two sharply contrasted views that we wish to discuss. We may briefly outline them as follows:

First, the vicarious satisfaction described by Isaiah, is vicarious *punishment*. That is to say, our Lord took upon Him the *guilt* of our sins and in His Passion stood before God as one *deserving* punishment for sin; He took our place, was regarded as our representative, was looked upon as a sinful man. In one word, He substituted Himself for us. We could put this in another way by stressing the distinction between punishment and suffering: suffering is any mental or bodily pain; it does not of itself bear any relation to past sin as being the cause which merited this hardship. Whereas punishment is so related to past sin; it is a penalty judicially inflicted in satisfaction of justice. Hence, in the view we are expounding, the 53rd chapter of Isaiah portrays the vicarious punishment, and not merely the vicarious suffering of the Redeemer. For brevity's sake we shall hereafter refer to this view as the "substitution theory."

The second interpretation of this prophecy asserts just the contrary. The Messiah suffers, but is not punished; He redeems us by meriting for us our forgiveness; He did for us what we could never do, when by His Passion and death He acted in a way so pleasing to God as to win our forgiveness; He satisfied for sin by doing an act which pleased God infinitely more than our sin had displeased Him. In a true sense, He suffered because of our sins, but He was never regarded as a sinner, either by Himself as man, or by God.¹

We propose here to reject the "substitution theory," firstly, as untenable in itself, and, secondly, as not being vouched for by the text of Isaiah 53. It is with becoming modesty

¹ "Christ's offering for us a price whereby we were freed can be understood in no other sense than that He merited freedom for us." (Vasquez, *De Incarnatione*, p. 44.)

"It is certain that Christ's making satisfaction, only means that Christ, by the humiliation and abasement of Himself, rendered to God all the honour of which He had been robbed by the offence; and thus, that Christ brought it about that it was reasonable for God to be willing to be reconciled with man, by offering him the help with which, if he wanted to, he could regain grace." (De Rhodes, Paris Edition, 1676, p. 20.)

that we intend to criticize this theory adversely, since it is held by many great thinkers.¹ It is the view of Cardinal Franzelin, who, however, in his explanation, recedes from his original position; it is openly and frankly asserted by Cardinal Wiseman in his *Sermon on the Passion*; it is commonly preached from our Catholic pulpits.² A citation from Dr. O'Gallagher's *Irish and English Sermons* will serve as a typical example of language which easily leads an audience to hold this view: "It is true," says the Eternal Father, "that My Son is innocent, that He has never done anything contrary to My will; yet through His excessive love for mankind He has taken upon Him their sins; He has undertaken to give Me satisfaction for the great offences they have committed. *I proclaim war therefore against Him from this forward—there is no vengeance that I shall not inflict upon Him*, even to death, on account of the sins of My people" (p. 345); and in a later passage of the same sermon, we have repeated the idea of God being angry with Christ our Lord: "Yes, O Eternal Father, I am sure that You are now satisfied and that You have now accomplished *Your vengeance on Your only begotten Son*; . . . what part of His Body *can You wound afresh?*" Cardinal Wiseman, while avoiding such expressions, which are perhaps crude, gives the same interpretation to the passages in Isaiah 53 as does Dr. O'Gallagher. In Wiseman's *Sermon on the Passion* we find the following words: "God (the Father) laid His Hands upon (our Saviour's) Head, as did the High Priest upon that of the emissary goat, laying upon Him the iniquities of us all and *holding Him responsible for their enormity*" (p. 207). "Our Lord was *abandoned to the anger of God*" (p. 218). And again, when speaking of Christ's desolation upon the Cross, the preacher tells us: "but to see Himself now an *object of the indignation of God* . . . this was the true consummation of His wretchedness" (p. 230).

¹ Herein we question the accuracy of Father Sydney Smith's statement in his article "Atonement" in *THE MONTH* for May, 1919. Is he not erring on the side of mildness when he asserts: "It may be possible to find the expression (Christ was punished) used very rarely and then only incidentally by a Catholic preacher or two"? We are inclined to think that not a few English sermons on the Passion portray our Lord as though He were regarded as guilty.

² Newman is said to have used expressions which logically lead to this view; but in justice to him we must say that in his sermon, "The Infinitude of the Divine Attributes," he expressly rejects this theory. Moreover, in the sermon "The Internal Sufferings of our Lord in the Passion," he seems carefully to avoid any words which could be interpreted as favouring this opinion.

The circumstances in which this sermon was preached make us very chary in criticizing its doctrinal exposition. For the eminent Cardinal had been summoned to Rome by Pope Leo XII. to preach on the Sundays from Advent to Easter. "His audiences," we are told by his editor, "comprised members of all the English-speaking communities and colleges in Rome—theological students and even professors, venerable superiors of monasteries with their novices and scholastics, and many other priests resident by choice or for business, in Rome." Yet even with this critical audience, the orthodoxy of the preacher's remarks was not questioned. Hence, if anyone undertakes to throw doubt on the accuracy of statements which alert and well-trained minds let pass unnoticed, he naturally lays himself open to the charge of presumption. But a fact of earlier Church history emboldens us to risk this accusation.

During nearly six centuries, from the time of Irenæus to that of St. Anselm, in the pulpits of the Church, in the halls of professors, and in the writings of those in high places, a speculative theory of Redemption was propounded, which, though fostering devotion, logically led to confusion. We refer to the theory that the devil really owned us and could in justice claim a price for freeing us; that this "great price" was the Blood of Christ; that it was paid when a sort of compact was made between God and the devil, from whose dominion we were then freed. This presentment of the manner in which we were redeemed, was left unquestioned until the time of St. Anselm. He critically examined the theory and dealt its death blow, and though it revived for a time under the patronage of "the Master of the Sentences," its days were numbered. Now, possibly the same is the case with the opinion according to which our Lord was the object of God's anger and the victim of His avenging justice. It has not been called in question because people have grown quite accustomed to it. But we are inclined to believe that, even though it is only a rhetorical figure of speech, it should not be used; for, as we shall show, it is open to serious objections, to some of which we now call the reader's attention:

In the first place, the "substitution theory" would seem to be at variance with our belief in God's justice. We are told that our Divine Lord, not only suffered pain and agony and distress on our behalf (*ὑπὲρ ἡμῶν*), but was punished in our stead (*ἀνθ' ἡμῶν*). Now it is against the moral judgment

of men that an innocent person should be punished for the evil of another; we distinguish sharply between the infliction of punishment and the acceptance of satisfaction,—we may punish only the guilty, though we may receive satisfaction from the guiltless. When we act in this latter way, the innocent person suffers on behalf of another; he merits the other's forgiveness; he is not punished in his friend's place. Hence, that our Divine Lord should not only suffer for our sakes, and so merit our forgiveness, but should be punished in our place, would seem incompatible with God's justice.

Hodge, the exponent of Lutheran theology, asserts that there is no injustice in punishing the innocent in place of the guilty.¹ He stresses God's threat to visit the iniquity of the fathers upon their children "to the third and fourth generation of those that hate Him." We then find the following comment: "And so He does and ever has done. Are we so confident in ourselves as to deny that there is a just God who governs the world, rather than admit that the innocent may rightly bear the iniquity of the guilty? In teaching the doctrine of legal substitution, of the *transfer of guilt* from the transgressor to the innocent, of the satisfaction of justice by vicarious punishment, the Bible asserts and assumes no moral principle which does not underlie all the providential dealings of God with individuals and with nations." (*Systematic Theology*, Vol. II. p. 530.)

This author is certainly explicit and unambiguous. How do we meet his argument? Thus. He is confusing punishment with pain; hence, when God deters from evil by warning the sinner of the painful effects which his sin will have on others, Hodge concludes that the innocent who thus suffer the consequences of another's sin, are being punished. But this is not so. When "the iniquities of the fathers are being visited upon their children to the third and fourth generation," are these children *guilty* in God's eyes? Does He regard them as deserving or as meriting punishment? Surely not. He permits the suffering. He threatens that evil and misery

¹ The bearing of this on the morality of "reprisals" in war, is obvious and needs no emphasising. On this principle a general could not only kill a hostage and so deter the enemy from further violations of the laws of warfare; but he could torture him and wreak vengeance on him and thereby satisfy his "angry justice." But who would admit the justice of such vicarious punishment? Neither does the case seem to be altered if the hostage is willing to suffer; the infliction of pain is then no moral injustice and it may merit the forgiveness of the enemy. But if the offence is a personal one, the amends must be made by the wrong-doer and by him only.

result from the violation of the natural laws of His creation; "unto the third and fourth generation" will be seen the results of parental vices; *God will not interfere and set right the delicate mechanism which man has wantonly damaged*; not until generations have passed will the repairs have been effected by nature's innate powers of recovery. This is a more natural interpretation of the passage than that of Hodge, when he concludes that God may, and does, transfer *guilt* from the wrongdoer to the innocent.

In the second place, this theory of substitution would seem at variance with God's paternal love for Christ our Lord. Does it not grate upon our ears when we hear such words as these put into the mouth of God: "I proclaim war therefore against Him from this forward—there is no vengeance that I shall not inflict upon Him"? Can we conceive of God being angry with our Lord Jesus Christ?—of God lifting His Hand to strike Him in punishment?—of God looking down upon the scene of Calvary with anything but immense love? Is it not hard to love our Heavenly Father with the affectionate love of children, when we are told that we must believe on the word of Scripture, that in indignation and in anger, albeit just anger, He punished our Divine Lord and laid the stripes upon His back? As Oxenham well remarks: "The Atonement was not, if one may put such blasphemy into articulate words, a device of the Son to avert the wrath or appease the justice of His offended Father. . . . On the contrary, to use the words of the Tridentine catechism, 'Holy Scripture testifies that Christ our Lord was delivered up by the Father and by Himself.' Sin is equally displeasing to the Father and to the Son, and to the Father as much as to the Son, belongs the love by which the mystery of redemption (was wrought). . . . The Atonement is the work of the whole Trinity, and the sacrifice of the Cross, like the sacrifice of the Altar, is offered to the whole Trinity. To conceive of the Father being angry with His sinless Son, and inflicting upon Him the punishment He else would have inflicted upon us, is to forget that 'the Father is God, the Son is God, and the Holy Ghost is God, and yet there are not three Gods, but one God.' The justice which required satisfaction and the mercy which provided it, are the justice and the mercy of the Triune God." (*The Atonement*, p. 867.)

In the third place the step from this "substitution theory" to the doctrine of Calvin and Luther is fatally easy. ("Facilis

descensus Averni.") For, if all our sins, with their guilt and their punishment, were laid upon Christ, who in our stead suffered for them: where is our need of penance? In complete fulness our satisfaction has already been made by another; we cannot in justice be asked to pay the debt over again. Hence there is no restricting the satisfaction which Christ made for us; there remains for us nothing more to do in this matter. This logically leads, first, to the rejection of the doctrine which teaches the necessity of works of penance; and secondly, to the rejection of the doctrine of Purgatory, in so far as it is a state wherein we make satisfaction for the punishment still due to sin. "We must give up the idea," says Hodge, "that we can satisfy the demands of God's justice and law, by anything that we can do, suffer, or experience, and must rely exclusively on what He, as our Representative, Substitute and Surety, has done and suffered in our stead." (Vol. II. p. 522.) In like manner, the Lutherans, holding the "substitution theory," are logical when they conclude that justification does not consist in a real internal change of soul, but merely in a declaration on the part of God that our sins are no longer chargeable against us.

It is of set purpose that we have stated at a length which might otherwise seem disproportionate, the consequences of this "substitution theory"; for it renders easier our task of examining the verses in Isaiah 53 which are brought forward in favour of this view. We have said that this opinion is not consistent with our idea of justice nor with God's paternal love for Christ our Lord, and that it is the basis of the whole Lutheran system. If this is so, we have not to show that the passages in Isaiah 53 *could not* bear the interpretation put upon them, but that they *need not* be so understood; and hence, because of the consequences, they *ought not* to be so interpreted. We now discuss summarily the chief verses relied upon:

Verse 4: "Surely he hath borne our infirmities and carried our sorrows." Firstly, even the English of the Douai version could very naturally be taken to mean: He hath experience of our natural weakness and sorrows. Secondly, the Septuagint uses the preposition *περί* not *ἀντί*, and therefore excludes the notion of vicariousness: "*οὗτος τὰς ἀμαρτίας ἡμῶν φέρει καὶ περὶ ἡμῶν ὀδυνᾷται.*" "He bears our iniquities and suffers to save us." This is the Attic usage of the preposition,

as is seen from phrases like "*μάχεσθαι περί τινος*." Liddell and Scott give no example of *περί* being used for *ἀντί*. Thirdly, the Hebrew text gives a slightly different meaning: *אָפַן*, "He hath *lifted off* our iniquities and carried our sorrows." Fourthly, St. Matthew sees this prophecy fulfilled in a sense which is quite at variance with the idea of vicarious punishment: "And they brought to him many that were possessed with devils, and he cast out the spirits with his word: and all that were sick he healed: that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet Isaiah, saying: He took our infirmities and bore our diseases."

Verse 4: "We have thought him as it were a leper and as one struck by God and afflicted." Clearly, this need not be understood as meaning that He was punished by God. His appearance is described; its cause is not asserted; He *looks like* one who is struck by God.

Verse 5: "He was wounded for our iniquities, he was bruised for our sins." Our iniquities and our sins are in a very true sense the cause of His wounds and bruises. But it does not follow that our guilt was transferred to Him and that He was bruised in our place.

"The chastisement of our peace was upon Him," *i.e.*, the pain which merited, or was for our peace, was upon Him. On this passage Hodge triumphantly remarks, "Of this clause, Delitzsch, one of the very first of living Hebraists, says: The idea of vicarious punishment cannot be more precisely expressed in Hebrew than by these words." (Vol. II. p. 507.) But we venture to suggest that even "the very first of living Hebraists" may quite unconsciously be guilty of special pleading. No one denies that our Lord suffered vicariously in that He suffered for our sakes. But the point is—was His suffering a punishment? Now the Hebrew word *מוֹסָר*, translated "disciplina" in the Vulgate, and by "chastisement" in the Douai and Revised Version, does not necessarily mean punishment. In fact, that is not even its primary meaning. The lexicon of Brown, Driver and Briggs translates the stem verb by "to admonish," "to correct," "to discipline," "to chasten"; its context always shows the sense of making a person realize that he has gone astray; it never suggests punishment inflicted for the restoration of the moral order. This is further borne out by the Septuagint Version, where "*παιδεία*" is the word used. Hence, "the chastisement of our peace was upon Him" could well mean: There was undergone

by Him the painful process of restoring us to the state of peace with God.

Verse 6: "And the Lord hath laid upon him the iniquity of us all." Here the English: "Hath laid upon him," is a fairly close rendering of the Hebrew הִתְּנָה, "hath made to come upon Him." Father Corluy remarks: "Non quoad culpam, sed quoad poenam luendam." That is to say, God did not lay our guilt upon Jesus Christ, but allowed Him to make the requisite satisfaction which we could not offer. If this seems a forced interpretation, we give two answers: First, prophetic language is of its very nature obscure, hence it is difficult to assert categorically what is its obvious meaning; secondly, since the language does admit of an interpretation such as we have given, we should put this meaning upon the words, because the contrary signification leads to the untenable consequences which we have already pointed out.

Verse 8: "For the wickedness of my people have I struck him." At first sight this sentence seems to count strongly against us; here is the very phrase we have objected to: "I have struck him." Yet it cannot be a real difficulty, else our Lutheran opponents would not have failed to cite it in their favour; whereas they do not lay any stress upon it. The reason is that our Douai version reads very differently from the Greek Septuagint and from the Masoretic Hebrew. This latter, as used in the Anglican Revised Version, runs: "for the transgressions of my people *was he stricken*," *sc.* not by God but by man. The Septuagint has ἡχθῆν εἰς θάνατον "*was he led to death*." The Masoretic reads מָלַךְ, "affliction is upon him"—or it may even be "upon *them*" as the poetical form of the pronoun may have this plural meaning. Hence there seems no doubt that the verb in the original text was in the passive voice. But even if in spite of this convincing evidence from the ancient versions, we were to insist on the Vulgate rendering: "*I have struck him*," we might still say with Father Corluy, that the prophet in this, as in the following verses, is speaking in his own name and not in the name of God.¹

Verse 10: "And the Lord was pleased to bruise him in infirmity." This need mean nothing more than that whatever came upon our Lord was in accordance with God's eternal decree. So states Father Corluy. In other words, what is here insisted on is the divine dispositions regarding the suffer-

¹ See, however, a more difficult passage in II Cor. v. 21.

ings of the Redeemer; they were in accordance with God's will. Thus, emphasis is laid upon the love of God for man. St. Jerome's comment upon this passage shows that this is the meaning he put upon it: "Therefore that He should suffer was not a necessity, but the will of His Father and His Own." (Cf. Knabenbauer in loc.)

Hence, in conclusion we state—first, that the Messianic prophecy of Isaias 53 does not by any means compel us to assert that our Lord was regarded by God as guilty in that He represented us sinners; nor that God raised His arm in anger and struck Him because of the sins of the people. Therefore we should not interpret the prophecy in this way on account of the consequences which we have already pointed out. Secondly, in the patristic literature of the first three centuries, with the exception of Irenaeus and Origen, there is "no trace of the notion that God was angry with His Son for our sakes and inflicted upon Him the punishment due to us, nor is Isaias' prophecy interpreted in this sense, as afterwards by Luther; on the contrary, there is much that expressly negatives this line of thought. There is no mention of the justice of God, in the forensic sense of the word; the Incarnation is invariably and exclusively ascribed to His love." Thus states Oxenham (p. 128), after an exhaustive examination of the writings of the Church Fathers, whom he copiously cites. Thirdly, the "substitution theory" is probably a relic of the hypothesis proffered by Irenaeus, and like it, has passed without comment because it has not been examined. St. Irenaeus' theory was, as a piece of speculation, in vogue for nearly six centuries before St. Anselm analyzed it and unreservedly rejected it. The Vulgate Version is perhaps also partly responsible for the notion of juridical substitution; because this translation more easily lends itself to such an interpretation than does the Greek Septuagint or the Masoretic Hebrew.

H. B. LOUGHNAN.

WHITE FOR THE HARVEST

II. CHINA.

THITHER turns the missionary eye, as if by instinct. It is not quite easy to see why, however, unless it be that man unconsciously inclines to "do the hard thing first"—for here is a solid block of some four hundred millions, waiting for the Faith, but not wanting it in the least. I cannot help feeling that China is to each nascent Missionary Society something like a billion-dollar order to a new firm, or a limitless vein to a gold-miner, or "the Cause" to a fanatic, in that it promises work as far ahead as anyone cares to calculate, and thus gives a sense of stability to the undertaking.

Even St. Francis Xavier felt that here lay the heart of the struggle. He had found India enslaved, socially by caste, morally by pharisaism, intellectually by the cultus of tradition; Japan awake and apt; the islands corrupt and festering for lack of Christianity. And yet it was to China that he turned the flood of his ambition, as to the stronghold.

But China had an influence then which is at present in abeyance. Not lost, but left behind. For the Chinese are still the most substantial people in the Orient, the plodders, with the brick-and-mortar qualities which will outlast, conquer and absorb the carnivalesque brilliance of their Eastern, and the parrot cleverness of their Western, neighbours.

And so we set sail for China, each in turn. We bring with us the missionary methods that suit our national temper, or we bring nothing but the willingness to suffer and the hope of martyrdom. And sometimes, when we are very young, we think that, because we are a band of Frenchmen, or Italians, or Irish, or Americans, we are going to have an influence that will tell. But China will never be converted by Frenchmen, or Italians, Irish or Americans; it will be converted by saints, or not at all. The rest of us can help the saints, and carry on their work; but to them will be given that which neither prayer nor desire, nor organization, nor money, nor method, nor education, can achieve, but only foster—the dispensing of the gift of Faith.

China, meanwhile, is in a sorry state. These good and simple, sly and trusting, shrewd and cheerful, hard-working

and sober fatalists are being triturated like the muscles of a giant who awakes and stretches out his limbs and tries to shake off his morning biliousness by pounding his knotted nerves. The process may seem to us unduly slow and his own muscles may cry out in agony. But a new man will be ready for the arena soon enough—and we may be sorry too late that we have not done more, in time, to train the big brute in Christian ways.

Meanwhile our missionaries in China are having a somewhat anxious time. For armies, whether of Northerners or Southerners, must eat, and so must brigands; officials too, in China as elsewhere, have perennial appetites; orphans, in turn, are gluttonous; and even missionaries, who live by using the will of Him that sent them, can do nothing to counteract the tyranny of after-war exchange.

Whether in the mountains of Sze-chuan among primæval tribes, or on the frontiers of Thibet in their model farms, or along the plethoric alleys of Canton, or in the comparative civilization of Shanghai or Tientsin, or the capital itself, our missionaries walk not timidly, for they are unafraid even of the worst that can happen, yet uneasily, because none can gauge the pressure of the new forces or control them in any way. All eyes are on the "representatives of the people" in Pekin, with their top-hats and spectacles and silk dresses, who do not care at all if they look ridiculous to the Western eye, and who are, for the most part, far more intelligent than their fellows among us.

In China we are, of course, missing a unique opportunity; we always do; it is our form of organization to abhor concerted effort. Neither do our various societies pull together, neither does anyone at home dare to direct us, lest we should answer: "Very good; but you must find the money." The present opportunity is in regard to schools. The Chinese have always loved letters, but they are only just beginning to tolerate *our* letters and to desire an insight into what lies behind. And this new desire is quickly growing to be a passion, that must be satisfied locally or else will drive the Chinaman to our shores. On the other hand, the Chinese Government, while trying to regulate education, has not yet grown strong enough to monopolize it, or even to think of such a step; but, of course, it will do so in due course, especially in the matter of primary schools, as Japan has done. And then it will be too late. Now, as I say, we have a

golden opportunity; it is the psychological moment for a primary school "drive," and we have only reached the stage of writing pained letters to one another about the "educational problem." The Protestants are far in advance of us in this matter, and if they gain ground over us in China, they will have deserved their success. We shall complain, but our complaint, and not their advance, will be unjust. We are, with eyes wide open, letting our chance go by.

Indeed it is a question whether we are instructing even our Catholic children as we should, in China. In secular learning we certainly are not; in religious doctrine we probably think we are.

Around Pekin and Tientsin there has been, for some years past, a remarkable flood of converts. Ask the Lazarist Fathers how they do it; but, like asking Pilate, you need not wait for an answer, for it is what you expected. *Catechists*. Why, where would the General Staff have been during the war if they had not had the little corporals and sergeants to do the work for them? Now what are corporals and sergeants but the pick of the ranks, men who know how to do their work and make the other lads do theirs, who can take the blame for others' faults, but who prefer to keep the faults down if they can? In short, every mission in China (and in the world) should have as many catechists as it can support, and there should be a Catholic organization to provide them with the means to support as many as they need.

There is so much variety in missionary life in China (or rather among missionary lives in China) that a young priest receiving his "destination" for "China" would still be very much in the dark as to his work. He might be given a flock of wild tribesmen from the hills; he might get a trim parish in Shanghai; he might have to direct a Seminary; he might be put in charge of a large agricultural or fishing district, full of Christians, who would take all his time and from whose ranks he should help to fill the Seminary; he might be sent, singly, *ad exteros*, to open up new quarries. Missioners in China have done many things; they have healed the sick and charted the stars and commanded fortresses and played the mandarin and lived in house-boats and built Gothic cathedrals and said Mass in caves; they have lived in disguise and in discomfort, in honour and ease, in prisons and in palaces—and they have learned to know their Chinamen pretty well. But they are impervious to him—oh! not to the love which

he calls forth in virtue of their vocation, but to his utter ignorance and contempt of all that makes life worth living to a Westerner, precision, accuracy, punctuality, chivalry, considerateness, fine feeling, and fair play. They grant him essential honesty and supreme endurance—but he was, is, and ever will be a *chinois de chine*. Amen. And thereby hangs a tail.

The tail was discovered long ago, when they made a Chinese Bishop. He was, on the whole, a very creditable experiment—but was not repeated. Why? The question is not easily answered. There have been, and are, plenty of native priests; it is obvious that the Church must become a natural growth of any soil in which it is to live; so much so that the missionaries of our time petitioned for a Chinese Liturgy, and obtained it; but they never dared to inaugurate its use or they never dared to make another Chinese Bishop. Some say it is because the missionaries are afraid of being "out of a job," of being sent West, bag and baggage, with their Western ideas. Interpreted, this accusation may not be untrue; for there is a strong instinct that seems to tell us that any Oriental Church (the Chinese not excepted) would, if left untutored, run, in two generations, into schism.

Then what is the use of it all? Every use; only we must not be more hasty than Christ, or more ambitious; Christianity is not a chemical that acts like a developer on a photographic plate, while you look on. It is a slow process of re-birth. Let us then think in centuries, do our share of waiting and of helping, and, if need be, endure our share of the inevitable pangs.

III. KOREA.

There is one feature which marks the Korean dioceses as models for all other dioceses in the world. An episcopal visitation does not consist in confirmation and a cursory glance at account-books and altar-vessels; it is spent mainly in a veritable orgy of examinations, each family appearing in bulk and being examined in detail on the contents of the Catechism. Grandfather, father and son may be heard taking up the text in succession, and helping one another out in the explanation of thorny questions.

It is, needless to say, mighty hard work for the Bishop and his assistants; but they still believe, in Korea, that a Bishop is a working-man. And certainly he could not be better

occupied; if the Catechism were everywhere taken half as seriously as in Korea there would be less leakage to deplore.

Breeding tells, though Milwaukee deny it. And the Christians of Korea come of good blood, Christianity was brought into Korea and spread there for several years without the agency of any priest; it was baptized in blood, and every one of its first missionaries is honoured as a martyr by the Church. In 1866 Korea was priestless once again, but not for long; and when the successors of Imbert and Chartain and Mauban came, they knew what material they had to mould, and they showed no fear of breaking it in the process. They established a system of voluntary catechists which is unique in Asia (or anywhere else, I think), and which accounts better than supposed natural credulity (the Protestant explanation) for the fact that Korea has long been the most fruitful field of conversions in the East.

Every Christian centre has at least one catechist; he must be a man of influence, to some extent a man of means (for he is not paid), and, of course, a man of good example. His functions are distinct from those of the head-men, which are chiefly judicial; but the office of catechist is much coveted, on account both of the influence and of the merit that it carries. Catechists are appointed by the Bishop, at the suggestion of the District Missioner, and are, in extreme cases, by him also reduced to the ranks.

The catechist, like the Missioner, has a double aim in life—to keep the Christians fresh in their knowledge of their religion, and to bring the pagans to the Faith. That he does the one is testified by the existence of the examination system, and that he works hard at the other is proved by the figures which have, for many years, steadily kept the Korean Mission at the head of the annual conversions list of all the dioceses manned by the Paris Foreign Missions Society. There is no doubt but that a similar organization (of paid or voluntary catechists) would do more for the Faith, in almost any diocese in the world, than any other single agency imaginable. The only mystery is why we do nothing to foster it.

The political life of Korea does not concern us here. Sufficient to say that this is another case of a small nation deprived of self-determination; nor is it any consolation to the Korean to remember that, at the crisis, he was badly "let down" by the White House. The missionaries are, of course,

not unaffected by the spirit of unrest which is over the land, any more than they can escape the pressure of a government which issues Licences to Preach and which is well on the way to a monopoly of Primary Education. But these accidentals do not affect the mainsprings of their effort.

The missionaries in Korea are astonishingly happy. Not only as every real missionary is happy, with the joy of his vocation and the redolence of his sacrifice and the enjoyment of his hundredfold. They are happy *sicut gigas ad currendam viam*; for their life is hard and bracing, and it offers the guerdon of achievement as well as the ideal joy of trying, which is the common lot.

They have traditions, only two or three generations old, of a faith sought out with fear and defended with flowing blood. They have a people eager and docile, affectionate and strong—a people, perhaps alone of Orientals, zealous for the spread of Truth, a people sharing in their own deep missionary spirit. They have hardships, just enough, with the snow and the mountains and the long rides and the uncouth food. And they are at that glorious stage when, after the catacombs, it becomes possible to build and organize and regulate and live life in the open, with no sign yet of the consequent decay.

And so, if you want good company some cold evening, say but the word, and you may sit around a brazier in Taikon, with a pipe some three feet long, whose tiny metal bowl will be filled for you every ten minutes with hairy-looking mild tobacco, and lit, half-way across the room, by a young progressive Bishop or the stalwart Mediævalist who trains the native clergy of South Korea, in the intervals of compulsing the Latin Fathers and whooping the ancient war-cry, "Montjoie et Saint Denis."

Korea runs up into Manchuria, and the missionary history of the two has intermingled. But now they form two very distinct types of mission.

The fact that Manchuria touches Siberia is sufficient indication of the climate. It is one of those missions to which one must go with something of a Trappist's vocation. There are long months of solitude and inaction, during which, physically, one is reduced to the company of a broad oven, which is table, bed and chair, and not always sufficient to keep up the flow of circulation; and, spiritually, one is in danger of a still harsher cold, unless one's heart be warmed by the

company of the Flame itself. But if one be thus favoured, the snows have apocalypses of their own.

Then comes the summer, fierce and terrible. Long journeys to visit the scattered Christians; the endless strain of seeking, in the briefest time, to awaken dormant faith, to cull the fruits of last year's visit, to prune the trees, over an area in which armies could play hide and seek.

This situation again can be handled only with the help of catechists; for what will the yearly visit of the missionary avail if there is no control and no goad and no court of appeal throughout the long months of his absence? And when he comes, who will acquaint him, without loss of time, of the points where his action is most needed, of the abuses to be fought down, of the hopes to be fostered, of the errors to be made good? And who will influence the pagans and prepare the little band of neophytes for admission to the Church? And who will baptize, when the need arises? The catechist is as necessary here as in many parts of England and, happily, he is very much more in use.

There are periods here, as in every mission, of special heroic work. The Plague is a sullen enemy. It reads like a romance of the battlefield how, during the Great Plague of 1910, our missionary sped to the deathbed of his fellow, anointed him, buried him, and lay down himself to die. Another reached *him* just in time, received his last breath, and, with it, the disease. It was not until the fourth man came, and conquered, that the people had one to hold up for them the standard of HOPE, to assist them, and to stand by in prayer while the bodies of the dead were piled upon the wood and beaten down with sticks as, the flames acting on their muscles, they seemed to scramble one with another to be the last to disappear from a beloved, although tainted, earth.

Meanwhile, if you choose to go up through Korea and Manchuria on the Japanese Railway, you can, by the simple process of closing your eyes and lying back in the soft cushions, believe yourself in your favourite Pullman; or, should you be of gastronomic turn, you can, by ever so little concentration upon your plate in the dining-car, fancy yourself halfway between Liverpool and London—and not at all in dream-land. But you will be further from reality and from the mainsprings of life than if you keep your eyes wide open on the Eastern landscape, and on the little mounds that dot

it with keen memories of the dead, the ancestors, the martyrs, and the persecutors; and on the thatch-roofed huts, carefully walled in, that shelter the best little people ever won to the Faith by the Church's heroes in the East.

T. GAVAN DUFFY.

COVENANT

ISAIAH lviii.

THUS saith the Lord thy God: "Behold
If thou wilt take away the chain
Of thy self-will, nor as of old
Point scorn, and talk, yet nothing gain,—
If thou wilt feed the hungry soul
With bread that I did break with thee,
Pour out thy balm to make him whole
Who aches for touch of charity,

Thy light shall through thy darkness rise
And rest continual lie deep
Around thee as dawn's shadow lies;
And I will all thy body keep.
A watered garden in the heat
Of life, thy quiet soul shall seem;
A fountain in the shouting street,
Unfailing of its hill-born stream.

Places that have been desolate
For ages, shall be built in thee.
Thou shalt repair the broken gate
That fences all eternity,
Turning the pathways back to rest,
Digging that other souls may find
The Everlasting Hills, whose crest
Is sanctuary of ways that wind.

Then when the loud world's holiday
Is ending, and thine drawing nigh,
Curious men shall hear thee say
How joyous was the day gone by.
Oh, that shall be a starlit night
When I shall lift thee up to sit
And feast with Me in My delight!
For I—the Lord—have spoken it."

CECILIA ROSEMARY MALING.

POPULAR RETREATS SINCE 1912

II. RETREATS FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

THE retreat houses for women were not so seriously affected by the war as those for men. It is true that one very important house, the Cenacle Convent at Stamford Hill, was forced to discontinue the retreats for women owing to the presence of two Belgian communities which were given shelter under its roof. But the rest of the houses seem to have carried on fairly normally, and there are some interesting developments to chronicle.

We may begin by taking the three Cenacle Convents, the early history of which has been recorded in *Retreats for the People*.

The Cenacle Convent at Manchester, it may be remembered, dates from 1888, when the Sisters were introduced into England by Cardinal (then Bishop) Vaughan. In 1911 the total number of retreatants received in their great house amounted to 3,513, probably a record for a year's work in any single house. But this number included 2,538 children (about children's retreats something will be said presently) and 765 working girls, leaving only 210 women.

The retreats for working girls continued to take place every summer, between 700 and 800 coming each year. The monthly day of retreat is attended by about 100, and there have been special retreats for Christian mothers. The Belgians, too, during the war, used to come in little groups of ten to fifteen for a few days' retreat.

The Stamford Hill House dates from 1899. In 1911 the total number of retreats made was 1,102, including 598 children and 209 working girls. Steady progress was made until the outbreak of war, when, as we have seen, the retreats for women had to be discontinued: but on the other hand, a number of retreats were given to boys.

In January, 1920, the ordinary work of retreats was resumed: among them is a monthly retreat for ladies (last week-end: Friday evening to Monday, 5 p.m.), which should be much appreciated.

The Liverpool Cenacle (founded 1909) gave retreats in 1911 to 35 women, 107 working girls, and 250 children. The work done by this house, in spite of the war, since that

date, has been quite remarkable. We may give some idea of it by means of a table:

1912 ...	11 retreats to 440 retreatants, including 396 small girls and 44 business girls.
1913 ...	34 retreats to 1,629 retreatants, including 1,144 girls, 400 business girls, 60 mothers and 25 ladies.
1914 ...	33 retreats to 2,108 retreatants, including 1,604 girls, 279 business girls, 25 mothers and 200 boys.
1915 ...	26 retreats to 1,826 retreatants, including 972 girls, 415 business girls, 32 mothers and 407 boys (day retreat).
1916 ...	20 retreats to 1,240 retreatants, including 390 girls, 479 business girls, 63 mothers, 57 ladies, 35 secondary school girls, 216 boys (day retreat).
1917 ...	23 retreats to 1,707 retreatants, including 527 girls, 540 business girls, 73 mothers, 93 ladies, 40 secondary school girls, 434 boys (day retreat).
1918 ...	24 retreats to 1,997 retreatants, including 604 girls, 694 business girls, 70 mothers, 49 ladies, 50 secondary school girls, 530 boys (day retreat).

The effects of war are seen in the diminution of retreats for business girls in 1914, and of children's retreats from 1916 to 1918. The latter were also to some extent crowded out by the increase in the number of retreats for business girls. The growing popularity of these, in spite of the raising of railway fares and other war conditions, has been most consoling.

The retreats for children begin on the Friday evening and end on the Monday morning. They are organized in conjunction with the priests and teachers of the primary schools in Liverpool, St. Helens, Wigan, and other neighbouring towns. Retreats are also arranged for the day pupils of one of the convents, an example which might well be followed.

The retreats for business girls are arranged for the Easter, Whitsuntide and August Bank Holiday week-ends; also during the holiday week of the mill towns in the Liverpool diocese,—Preston, Leigh, Chorley, Wigan, Warrington, etc. These retreats begin on Saturday evening and end on Tuesday afternoon (as a rule), and are attended by the Children of Mary, H.B.S., girls working in offices, mills, shops, factories, domestic service, etc.

The retreats for ladies have, owing to the number engaged in war work, mostly taken place at week-ends,—Friday morning to Monday morning or evening. It seems likely that

week-end retreats will become still more popular at Liverpool, and will give the opportunity for a little time for quiet and prayer to the increasing number of educated women workers who are unable to find time for a full retreat.

At the same convent, besides these retreats, there are a great number of monthly meetings for different classes of women,—mothers, professional women, young girls in factories, "basket women," and so forth. Of course there are also private retreats, and such work as the instruction of converts and the preparation of children for the Sacraments.

Mention has already been made of the retreats for men organized at a convent in Birmingham. About this establishment there is much to be said. It is, so far as the writer knows, the only retreat house in the country which caters for men, women and children in turn.

The Religious of the Retreat of the Sacred Heart belong to the oldest society of retreats for women, and have behind them a long and varied experience in the organization of retreats. They were founded in Brittany in the seventeenth century by Père Huby and the Venerable Mademoiselle de Francheville. The traditions of Père Huby in regard to retreat giving, which are wise and most practical, are still observed among these religious. In the Mother House at Bruges, during the first 25 years of its existence, more than ten thousand people made the Exercises.

In 1912 these religious took a house in Wheeley's Road, Birmingham, and before the end of that year, four retreats had been given to 91 women. The following year there were nine retreats to 178 women.

In 1914, as has been explained, the nuns were asked if they would allow their house to be used for men's retreats also: they readily consented, and the number of retreatants in that year amounted to 669. But numerous as were the retreats for men and boys, they did not interfere with the growth of retreats for women and girls, over two thousand of whom made retreats at this convent between 1912 and 1918. It was soon evident that the house in Wheeley's Road was too small for the work, and, after a short sojourn in Hagley Road, the establishment was transferred last year to the spacious mansion in Somerset Road already described.

This retreat house is working wonders, and figures can give but little idea of its progress. It is sanctifying souls and giving to thousands of people a new appreciation of their

faith and a genuinely apostolic spirit. It is bringing Catholics from the different parishes together to deepen their religious spirit and to encourage one another, and it is sending them back to their parishes bent on work for God. Those of the neighbouring parish priests, who have taken an active interest in the retreat house (and their number is increasing), are enthusiastic about the results. Attendance at Mass and frequentation of the Sacraments increase in the parish: parochial societies become vigorous: apathy is exorcised.

The house has developed various organizations among the retreatants. Every year there is a great procession of the Blessed Sacrament, and all the retreatants—men, women, boys, girls, children—rally to the retreat house and take part in it as a special act of thanksgiving for all the graces obtained in retreat. Social gatherings are also held for those who have made retreats and for their friends. The latter, of course, speedily yield to the charm of the place, and come back for retreats themselves. An increasing number of non-Catholics have by this means found their way into retreat, with the almost invariable result that they have asked to be instructed in the Faith. It now frequently happens that these converts ask to come back into retreat immediately before being received into the Church, so as to make their first Communion in the chapel where the Exercises have been the means of bringing them to the true Faith.

The nuns of the Retreat of the Sacred Heart have been working in England for some years. Founded at Quimper, in Brittany, in 1678, they organized retreats for women up to the time of the French Revolution, in which one of its members, Victoire de Saint Luc, died a martyr's death. The work was renewed in 1805, and in 1880 the first house in England was opened at Clapham Park, London. Between 1907 and 1914 an annual retreat for men was organized. Since 1914 retreats for women and girls have been held. In 1915 a monthly "Day of Recollection" (on the first Sunday of each month) was started, and has been continued ever since with excellent results. It is attended by about twenty girls, and is conducted by one of the religious. Between 11 a.m. and 8 p.m. there are three Meditations, Stations of the Cross, Rosary, visit to the Blessed Sacrament, and intervals of free time for reading. At dinner and supper a spiritual book is read aloud.

Surely such "Days of Recollection" could be organized in

a great number of the convents in our large towns. They would be an immense benefit to our people.

Other retreats are held at the Convent of *La Retraite* for teachers, club girls, "old girls" of the elementary school, working girls, and so forth. Seventy or eighty retreatants are accommodated at a time.

Since 1912 several important centres of retreats for women have been established.

In 1913 another Cenacle Convent was established at Grayshott, on the borders of Surrey and Hampshire, a very charming situation. The first year was employed in enlarging the house and adapting it to its special work of retreats for ladies, which actually began in May, 1914. A few retreats for working girls had also been planned for 1914, but these had to be abandoned on account of the war.

Since 1914 the retreats for ladies at Grayshott have steadily increased in numbers and have been well attended. The figures are:

In 1914	...	5 retreats,	95 retreatants.
1915	...	9 "	175 "
1916	...	13 "	305 "
1917	...	14 "	337 "
1918	...	15 "	363 "
1919	...	19 "	546 "

At each of the retreats there have been some non-Catholics, a number of whom have since been received into the Church. During the war, a part of the building was lent as a military hospital, but this has now reverted to its original purpose, so that it will be possible to accommodate many more retreatants in future.

The Dominican Tertiaries at Leicester made a brave start in January, 1914. The example of their courage may stimulate others to organize retreats in spite of initial obstacles:

We had almost every disadvantage. We were not nuns and our house is not a convent. . . . We are poor and our house is very simply furnished, and lastly, we were quite new to the work.¹

Needless to say, the faith which triumphed over these obstacles was signally blessed:

We had five (retreats) in eight months, and our experience confirms all that Father Plater has said: indeed, the wording of his book is hardly strong enough. Every retreat has been a romance. In every one God has shown Himself, as it were,

¹ *Some Children of St. Dominic*. By Marie St. S. Ellerker, C.T.S., 1d. p. 16.

visibly. At each one something has been won for God. At the first, a gifted authoress, then outside the Fold, made her decision to be received into the Church: another saw five vocations settled: indeed, each of them has seen some generous life offered entirely to God.

One of the most interesting of the retreats was that of a week for non-Catholic social workers in Leicester. Others were for University students, Children of Mary, first Communicants, Franciscan Tertiaries, and so forth.

Tyneside, too, has its retreat house for women (the Convent of Marie Reparatrice, Newcastle), and it is becoming very popular. During the summer of 1919 nine retreats were held there, one for after-care children, one for teachers, and others for business girls, servants and married women. The retreats generally last for three full days: sometimes for a week-end (Friday evening to Monday morning). The average attendance is about 30,—quite enough, if each retreatant is to have individual attention. Efforts to organize retreats for ladies have not, we regret to hear, been successful. Where is the Catholic Women's League?

Sometimes (write the nuns) while the women of a family are here the husbands and sons are in retreat at Whinney House, and our women tell us that when the men have once done so they look forward eagerly to repeating the experiment. These retreats are much appreciated by the north country people and do a real good, and as our retreatants generally keep up with us afterwards, we can watch the consoling and permanent results of the retreats, and many of them come year after year.

From different parts of the country we hear of occasional retreats being organized for working girls and others in the various convents. For instance, at the Moorfield Convent, at Preston, retreats for working girls were started in August, 1919, the attendance at the first being 62. Since then there have usually been two retreats a year, one at Easter (from Holy Saturday afternoon till Easter Monday evening), attended by about 60 girls, and the other in August, during the Preston holidays. The latter lasts three full days, and the average attendance is about 80. The Rev. Mother writes:

The fervour and piety of the retreatants give great edification and the best results have been obtained through these retreats. It is really a work which carries with it the blessing of God.

Surely there must be in the country a number of convents where one or two retreats for business girls could be arranged during the year. Of course it involves a certain amount of

trouble, but experience shows that it brings an enormous blessing on the community which undertakes it. We are all apt to become absorbed in our own little *œuvre*, and there is such a thing as community selfishness, which, like class selfishness, is more subtle and hardly less dangerous than individual selfishness. To entertain working girls in retreat, during the holidays, at a convent school for young ladies, is an excellent corrective for the rather narrow exclusiveness which is apt to beset even the pious, and a splendid object-lesson in the divine charity of the Catholic Church.

An account of the origin of the now popular "Bank Holiday Retreats" for working girls in London will be found in *Retreats for the People* (pp. 204, 205). Since 1912 these retreats have made satisfactory progress. The following is a list of the convents in the Southwark diocese where these retreats have been instituted and the years in which they have been held:

Convent of Perpetual Adoration	1914, '15, '16.
Croydon, Ladies of Mary.....	1914 to 1919.
Clapham Park, La Retraite	1916 to 1919.
Streatham, St. Andrew	1914.
Clapham, Convent of Notre Dame	1914 to 1919.
Wandsworth, Sacred Heart	1914, '15, '16, '17, '19.
Kennington, Christian Retreat	1914, '15, '16.
Greenwich, Ursuline Convent	1918, '19.
Sanderstead, Ladies of Mary	1919

The records of Croydon and Clapham are creditably unbroken. Wandsworth only missed one year. Some have fallen out, others have come in. We trust that more and more convents will take up the work. If working girls are ready to give up their Bank Holiday week-ends to converse with God, we should surely be ready to offer them a chance of doing so.

So much, then, for the notes which I have been able to collect of the retreat movement in England since 1912. No doubt I have overlooked a great deal. Probably retreats are given at many centres of which I know nothing. I shall be extremely grateful to any of my readers who will supplement what I have been able to find. The record of what has been done cannot fail to win support for the work and to encourage the organization of retreats where they do not exist. We have already seen enough to persuade us that the losses of war time have been made good and that the prospects of the immediate future are brighter than ever before.

But if the promise of harvest is great, the need is greater still. What can heal sick society save an enormous extension of these retreats? The whole fabric of civilization is threatened to-day because men have forgotten God. In retreat they will find Him.

CHARLES PLATER.

THE COAT

THE Word made wondrous Flesh, the Lord of Life,
Walked in the hills of shining Galilee,
He heard high voices, snarling words of strife,
Four lepers 'neath a tree.

A beggar's coat was flung upon the stones—
Dicing for that, they cursed amid their play;
The terrible flesh was mouldering from their bones,
Their palsied hands were grey.

But—for the Lord is sweet—their wrath was tamed,
Hard curses died, their angry eyes grew dim—
Smoothing the tattered coat, humble, ashamed,
They took and gave it Him.

"Take it," they said, "we moulder down to death."
"Wear it," they told Him, "bare our life has been."
"Tis a fine coat," they said, with catching breath,
He took it—they were clean.

The sun ashamed shone red on Calvary,
About the Cross they surge, a human flood
With sound of many waters; nakedly
The Lord hung in His Blood.

"And will God have Him? Let Him weep and pray!"
Up to the Cross the wild high voices float;
The iron soldiers cursing at their play,
Diced for the seamless coat.

Stricken of God . . . a Leper . . . how they shift,
The clouds of wrath—and yet He seems to see
Their cankered faces and their piteous gift,
Four Lepers 'neath a Tree.

*Eaten with sin the earth is clean once more,
Kind souls, kind Christian souls be not afraid!
The seamless garment of our flesh He wore—
The robe that Mary made.*

M. G. CHADWICK.

A SOBER CONDEMNATION OF SPIRITUALISM

AS a supplement to the article published in these pages two months ago upon "The Founders of Modern Spiritualism," it may be interesting to call attention to the verdict passed upon the whole spiritualist movement by a friend of the Fox sisters, the celebrated American journalist and politician, Mr. Horace Greeley. Although his name perhaps is not very familiar to the present generation of English readers, still he is commemorated by no less than six columns of letter-press in the latest edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, in which Mr. Whitelaw Reid, for many years ambassador of the United States in this country, does justice to Greeley's noble qualities as a man, and the fearless integrity and moderation of his whole political career. There is no reason to recapitulate the story here. It is sufficient to say that those even who opposed him most during life admitted, after his death, his absolute honesty of purpose, while as to his ability and breadth of view there could never have been two opinions.

When the great wave of Spiritualism, which followed upon the rappings of the Fox sisters at Hydesville and Rochester, spread over the United States in the 'fifties, Greeley, without being very keenly interested, was brought into contact with much that was being said and done. His paper, *The Tribune*, was almost the first of the great New York dailies to publish a connected and circumstantial account of the alleged phenomena in the form of a statement signed by several prominent citizens of Rochester. Of this document he remarked at a later date—and the sobriety of his mental attitude, as compared with the violent prepossessions, for or against, exhibited by most of his contemporaries, is very characteristic—

It made little impression on my mind, though I never had that repugnance to, or stubborn incredulity regarding, occurrences called supernatural, which is evinced by many. My consciousness of ignorance of the extent or limitations of the natural is so vivid, that I never could realize that difficulty in crediting what are termed miracles which many affirm. . . . I know so very little of nature, that I cannot determine at a glance what is or is not

supernatural; but I know that things do occur which are decidedly supersensual, and I rest in the fact without being able, or feeling required, to explain it.¹

Greeley's personal acquaintance with the Fox family began in 1850. He was present at a séance they gave at a hotel in New York. He heard the so-called "raps," but without being either edified or enlightened thereby, and writing in 1868, he remarks: "In fact I should have regretted that any of *my* departed ones had been impelled to address me in the presence and hearing of the motley throng of strangers gathered round the table on which the raps were generally made." Probably his interest in the matter would have gone no further had it not been for his wife, who, being overwhelmed with sorrow at the recent loss of a much-beloved child, made acquaintance with the Fox sisters on her own account in the hopes of obtaining some message from the other world. In the end the two girls, Margaretta and Katie, were invited to spend a week or two with Mr. and Mrs. Horace Greeley, and in the seclusion of their own home, the husband and wife shared some remarkable experiences which put to rout any inclination which the former may have entertained to regard the performance as wholly fraudulent:

There [he says] along with much that seemed trivial, unsatisfactory, and unlike what might naturally be expected from the land of souls, I received some responses to my questions of a very remarkable character, evincing knowledge of occurrences of which no one, not an inmate of our family in former years, could well have been cognizant.²

One such incident is described in detail, and although the information was not obtained through the mediumship of either of the Fox sisters, the case may be quoted as a good example of circumstances excluding the possibility of preliminary inquiries on the part of the psychic. It appears that a Mr. and Mrs. Freeman, the latter of whom was clairvoyant, having previously met the Fox girls at Niagara, had come to look them up in their New York hotel. There they were told of the visit the two sisters were paying to the Greeleys and accordingly came on at once to call at this new address. Mr. Greeley being very tired, and not being asked for, did not show himself, but chancing in the next room to overhear the

¹ H. Greeley, *Recollections of a Busy Life*, Edition 1869, New York, p. 234.

² *Ibid.* p. 235.

Freemans remarking, "We feel like intruders here," he went in to make the strangers welcome. Thereupon his account goes on:

Mrs. Freeman had been already, or was soon afterward, magnetized by her husband into the state termed clairvoyance, wherein she professed to see spirits related to those who were put into magnetic *rapport* with her. What she reported as of or from those spirits might be ever so true or false for aught I know. At length—merely to make the strangers feel more at their ease—I said, "Mr. Freeman, may not I be put into communication with spirits through Mrs. Freeman?" to which he readily assented, placed my hand in hers, made a few passes, and bade me ask such questions as I would. As she had just reported the presence of spirit brothers and sisters of others, I asked, "Mrs. Freeman, do you see any brothers or sisters of *mine* in the spirit world?" She gazed a minute intently, then responded, "Yes, there is one; his name is Horace," and then proceeded to describe a child quite circumstantially. I made no remark when she had concluded, though it seemed to me a very wild *guess* (even had she known that I had barely one departed brother), that his name was identical with my own, though such was the fact. I resumed, "Mrs. Freeman, do you see any *more* brothers or sisters of mine in the spirit world?" She looked again as before; then eagerly said, "Yes, there is another; her name is Anna—no—her name is Almira—no (perplexedly), I cannot get the name exactly,—yet it begins with A." Now the only sister I ever lost was named *Arminda*, and she, as well as my brother, died before I was born,—he being three, and she scarcely two, years old. They were buried in a secluded rural graveyard in Bedford, N.H., about sixty years ago, and no stone marks their resting-place. Even my wife did not know their names, and certainly no one else present but myself did. And, if Mrs. Freeman obtained one of these names from my mind (as one theory affirms) why not the other as well? since each was there as clearly as the other.¹

It was probably this visit which led Horace Greeley to take a certain interest in the Fox sisters. He seems to have made an effort to rescue them from undesirable surroundings, and to have tried, like Dr. Kane, the Arctic explorer and future husband of Maggie Fox, to have them properly educated. I also find Mr. H. Spicer, in his *Sights and Sounds*, a book published early in 1853, quoting Mr. Greeley—unfortunately no reference is given—to the following effect. It was probably an article in *The Tribune*:

¹ *Recollections*, p. 236.

We vouch for the perfect honesty and good faith of the Fox family. There we stop, awaiting more evidence. That some influence, outside and unconnected with the volition of the family, causes these manifestations, we are confident. What that *is*, we have yet to be assured. . . . He must be well acquainted with the arcana of the universe who shall presume dogmatically to decide that these manifestations are natural or supernatural. The ladies say that they are informed that this is but the beginning of a new era or economy, in which spirits clothed in flesh are to be more closely and palpably connected with those which have put on immortality . . . until all who will may communicate freely and beneficially with the friends who have shuffled off this mortal coil. Of all this we know nothing, and shall guess nothing. But if we were simply to print (which we shall not) the questions we asked, and the answers we received, during a two hours' uninterrupted conference with the "Rappers," we should at once be accused of having done so expressly to sustain the theory which regards these "manifestations" as the utterances of departed spirits.¹

I quote this article, which was signed with Mr. Greeley's initials, because it illustrates further the open-mindedness with which, in 1851 or 1852, he approached the problem of these manifestations. No one can accuse him of being blinded by prejudice or impatient of the labour of inquiry. Moreover, as the following extract may serve to show, where good evidence was offered he was most willing to consider it seriously and to give it all the weight to which it was entitled:

Not long afterwards, I witnessed what I strongly suspected to be a juggle or trick on the part of a "medium," which gave me a disrelish for the whole business, and I have seen very little of it since. I never saw a "spirit hand," though persons in whose veracity I have full confidence assure me that they have done so. (I do not say that they were or were not deluded or mistaken.) But I have sat with three others around a small table, with every one of our eight hands lying plainly, palpably, on that table, and heard rapid writing with a pencil on paper, which, perfectly white, we had just previously placed under that table; and have, the next minute, picked up that paper with a sensible, straightforward message of twenty to fifty words fairly written thereon. I do not say by whom, or by what, said message was written; yet I am quite confident that none of the persons present, who were visible to mortal eyes, wrote it.²

It is often assumed that believers in the reality of spiritu-

¹ Quoted by H. Spicer, *Sights and Sounds*, London, 1853, pp. 77-78.

² *Recollections*, p. 237.

alistic phenomena cannot possibly have been alive to the likelihood of imposture or to the dexterity which may be achieved by clever manipulation or sleight of hand. Horace Greeley wrote this book of *Recollections*, from which I am quoting, twenty years before the two Fox sisters, making public confession of fraud, gave a demonstration of the sounds that could be produced by cracking their toes. Still the possibility was clearly present to his mind:

And here let me deal with the hypothesis of jugglery, knee-joint rattling, toe-cracking, &c. I have no doubt that pretended "mediums" have often amazed their visitors by feats of jugglery, —indeed, I am confident that I have been present when they did so. In so far as the hypothesis of spirit agency rests on the integrity of the "mediums," I cannot deem it established. Most of them are persons of no especial moral elevation; and I know that more than one of them has endeavoured to simulate "raps" when the genuine could not be evoked. Let us assume, then, that the "raps" prove just nothing at all beyond the bare fact that sounds have often been produced by some agency or impulse which we do not fully understand, and that all the physical phenomena have been, or may be, simulated or paralleled by such jugglers as Houdin, Blitz, the Fakir of Ava, &c. But the amazing sleight of hand of these accomplished performers is the result of protracted, laborious training, by predecessors nearly or quite as adroit and dexterous as themselves; while the "mediums" are often children of tender years, who had no such training, have no special dexterity, and some of whom are known to be awkward and clumsy in their movements. The jugglery hypothesis utterly fails to account for occurrences which I have personally witnessed, to say nothing of others.¹

For my own part also I may admit that I attach some weight to considerations similar to that which Greeley puts forward in his next paragraph. No one can maintain that the argument is conclusive, but such cases ought not to be left out of account:

Nor can I unreservedly accept the hypothesis which ascribes the so-called "spiritual" phenomena to a demoniac origin. That might account satisfactorily for some of them, but not for all. For instance: In the township of Wayne, Erie Co., Pa., near the house of my father and brother, there lived, twelve or fifteen years ago, a farmer well known to me, named King, who had many good traits, and one bad habit,—that of keeping a barrel of whiskey in his house, and dealing out the villainous fluid at

¹ *Ibid.*, p. 238.

so much per quart or pint to his thirsty neighbours. Having recently lost a beloved daughter, he had recourse to "spiritualism," (abominable term!) and received many messages from what purported to be his lost child,—one or more of which insisted that the aforesaid whiskey-barrel must be expelled from his premises, and never reinstated. So said, so done, greatly to the benefit of the neighbourhood. Now, I feel confident that the Devil never sent nor dictated *that* message; for, if he did, his character has been grossly belied, and his biography ought to be re-written.¹

Other facts confirm this point of view. There is good evidence that in some few cases inquirers without any religion have been guided to Catholicism by spiritualistic communications, and after giving up these practices, have lived and died faithful members of the Church. In more than one case personally known to me, conversion has been followed by a religious vocation. Whether summarizing the evidence for or against, Mr. Greeley's contentions always strike one as eminently sane. Take the following for example:

The failures of the "mediums" were more convincing to my mind than their successes. A juggler can do nearly as well at one time as another; but I have known the most eminent mediums spend a long evening in trying to evoke the spiritual phenomena, without a gleam of success. I have known this to occur when they were particularly anxious—and for obviously good reasons—to astound and convince those who were present and expectant; yet not even the faintest "rap" could they scare up. Had they been jugglers, they could not have failed so utterly, ignominiously.

But, while the sterile sittings contributed quite as much as the other sort to convince me that the rappings were not *all* imposture and fraud, they served decidedly to disincline me to devote my time to what is called "investigation." To sit for two dreary, mortal hours in a darkened room, in a mixed company, waiting for some one's disembodied grandfather or aunt to tip a table or rap on a door, is dull music at best; but so to sit *in vain* is disgusting.²

Nevertheless, while bearing unhesitating testimony to the reality of the phenomena, at least on occasion, Mr. Greeley's general conclusions were altogether adverse to the practice of Spiritualism. He sums up his impressions under the seven following headings, and I may confess that it is this summary which more than anything else has led to the writing of the present article. From the purely rational, as contrasted

¹ *Ibid.*, p. 239.

² *Ibid.*, p. 239.

with the religious, standpoint, this statement seems to me as effective and as appropriate at the present day as it was when it was first penned, now more than fifty years ago. It would be a pity if it should pass out of memory:

I close with a few general deductions from all I have seen or known of "spirit-rapping."

I. Those who discharge promptly and faithfully all their duties to those who still live in the flesh can have little time for poking and peering into the life beyond the grave. Better attend to each world in its proper order.

II. Those who claim, through the mediums, to be Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, &c., and try to prove it by writing poetry, invariably come to grief. I cannot recall a line of "spiritual" poetry that is not weak, if not execrable, save that of Rev. Thomas L. Harris, who *is* a poet still in the flesh. After he dies, I predict that the poetry sent us as his will be much worse than he ever wrote while in the body. Even Tupper, appalling as is the prospect, will be dribbling worse rhymes upon us after death than even *he* perpetrated while on earth.

It would be possible to supply many illustrations of the utter failure of spirits, purporting to be those of illustrious authors, to rival their own earth achievements. A long poem was printed in Italy which was supposed to have been communicated through automatic writing by the spirit of Ariosto, but it has never been heard of since. The continuation of *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, which Charles Dickens was stated to have dictated from the spirit world, through the hand of an American medium, has equally proved an utter failure. A Dickens expert describes it as "an egregious production, self-condemned by its futility, illiteracy and hideous American mannerisms."¹ But to continue our quotation; Mr. Greeley's next paragraph might have been written after a perusal of *Raymond, Claude's Book*, or the revelations of the Rev. G. Vale Owen:

III. As a general rule, the so-called spiritual communications are vague, unreal, shadowy, trivial. They are not what we should expect our departed friends to say to us. I never could feel that the lost relative or friend who professed to be addressing me was actually present. I do not doubt that foolish, trifling, people remain so (measurably) after they have passed the dark river; I perceive that trivial questions must necessarily invite trivial answers; but, after making all due allowance, I insist

¹ J. Cumming Walters, *The Complete Mystery of Edwin Drood* (1912), p. 217.

that the "spiritual" literature of the day, in so far as it purports to consist of communications or revelations from the future life, is more inane and trashy than it could be if the sages and heroes, the saints and poets, of by-gone days were really speaking to us through these pretended revelations.

IV. Not only is it true (as we should in any case presume) that nearly all attempts of the so-called mediums to guide speculators as to events yet future have proved melancholy failures, but it is demonstrated that the so-called spirits are often ignorant of events which have already transpired. They did not help fish up the broken Atlantic Cable, nor find Sir John Franklin, nor dispel the mystery which still shrouds the fate of the crew and passengers of the doomed steamship *President*,—and so of a thousand instances wherein their presumed knowledge might have been of use to us darkly-seeing mortals. All that we have learned of them has added little or nothing to our knowledge, unless it be in enabling us to answer with more confidence that old, momentous question, "If a man die, shall he live again?"

It will not, of course, be forgotten that this was written in 1868. But the problems which have arisen subsequently have received just as little elucidation from the spirit world. Only a few years later the Tichborne trial came on. Endless communications were received by automatists on this subject, but the spirits were equally divided—half in favour of the claimant and half against him. But to make an end, Mr. Greeley's last three headings are not the least weighty of the seven:

V. On the whole (though I say it with regret) it seems to me that the great body of the Spiritualists have not been rendered better men and women—better husbands, wives, parents, children—by their new faith. I think some have been improved by it,—while many who were previously good are good still,—and some have morally deteriorated. I judge that laxer notions respecting Marriage, Divorce, Chastity, and stern Morality generally, have advanced in the wake of Spiritualism. And, while I am fully aware that religious mania so-called has usually a purely material origin, so that revivals have often been charged with making persons insane whose insanity took its hue from the topic of the hour, but owed its existence to purely physical causes, I still judge that the aggregate of both Insanity and Suicide has been increased by Spiritualism.

VI. I do not know that these communications made through mediums proceed from those who are said to be their authors, nor from the spirits of the departed at all. Certain developments strongly indicate that they do; others, that they do

not. We know that they *say* they do, which is evidence so far as it goes, and is not directly contradicted or rebutted. That *some* of them are the result of juggle, collusion, or trick, I am confident; that others are *not*, I decidedly believe. The only certain conclusion in the premises to which my mind has been led is forcibly set forth by Shakespeare in the words of the Danish prince:—

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

VII. I find my "spiritual" friends nowise less bigoted, less intolerant, than the devotees at other shrines. They do not allow me to see through my own eyes, but insist that I shall see through theirs. If my conclusion from certain data differs from theirs, they will not allow my stupidity to account for our difference, but insist on attributing it to hypocrisy, or some other form of rascality. I cannot reconcile this harsh judgment with their professions of liberality, their talk of philosophy. But, if I speak at all, I must report what I see and hear.¹

I do not think that any apology is needed for making this long series of quotations. Mr. Greeley gives to the chapter of his autobiography in which these reflections are recorded, the heading "Glamour," and it is not a bad name. No doubt there are many other arguments which might be employed to enforce the same conclusions and even those here quoted might be urged with a greater display of rhetoric. And yet I am not sure that to counteract the glamour with which the subject is invested for those whose emotions or whose curiosity have once been taken captive, this milder presentment of the case may not in the long run be the most productive of good results.

HERBERT THURSTON.

¹ *Recollections*, pp. 240—241.

THE LIKENESS

ROLAND WOODFORD leaned forward and stirred the big dim pearls that lay on their velvet cushion.

"You like them?" he asked.

"They are beautiful," said the woman whom he was about to marry; "they appeal to me like—like lost dreams!"

"Lost dreams do not appeal to me I must confess," he laughed, "but I am glad you like my gift. The Woodford pearls have been awaiting their rightful owner—my wife—for years."

She had fallen in love with him at a political meeting, but that was no reason, she argued mentally, why he should for ever keep up his platform manner.

"How about Jim?" she asked. "Does his wife get anything?"

Roland shrugged his shoulders.

"I'll look after my brother," he said.

"You can afford to."

"I can afford to. I'm thinking of letting Jim see what he can do by intensive culture in the Dower House corner of the estate. When the war ended——"

"The estate may end some day too," she interrupted.

"Don't listen to that socialistic nonsense," he recommended her. "The Woodford women have always taken their husbands' politics."

"The Woodford women never had a vote before," she cried. "Don't be old-fashioned, Roland!"

"My dear girl!" he protested. "I'm glad I understand you better than you understand yourself, so we shall never quarrel."

She gathered up the long rope of pearls and gazed at them.

"They are charming!" she said. "All the same, Roland, you don't."

"Don't what?"

"Understand me better than I understand myself. I wish you did! I want to be honest, but you insist on seeing just the 'Woodford' qualities in me."

"Because you've got them all!" he replied gallantly.

She shook her head.

"Jim wouldn't say so. He's more discriminating; he sees me as I am."

"Jim does not happen to be in love with you."

She turned from him impatiently.

"Oh, Roland," she exclaimed, "can't you understand? I want you to see me *and* love me! The best sort of love isn't blind—it sees, and loves the harder!"

He gave a short, annoyed laugh.

"I'm not quite without powers of discrimination either," he remarked. "Anyhow, I'm glad you like the pearls."

"They are lovely. I can't find words to thank you. And I would like to give you something too. I've been wondering—would you like me to paint my own likeness for you?"

"Of course, darling. Only remember, as my wife, I shall have to have it done properly for our gallery, so if you are too busy——"

"I shall have time, though I know you do not quite approve of my painting. You can't help thinking that art should be reserved for the professionals. Still if I've no genius I've talent——"

"At any rate I approve of *you*!" he said fondly, as he kissed her and left.

Alone, Anna stood thinking, but soon she was interrupted by Jim. At last demobilized, Jim Woodford was now at home, and since he was often free when Roland was engaged at the House, he was fond of acting escort to his future sister.

"A fair lady wrapped in thought!" he exclaimed. "What's the matter, Anna?"

"Roland has just given me these," she said, holding up the pearls. "Are they not lovely, Jim!"

His somewhat hard face softened.

"My mother used to look lovely in them," he said gently. "And so will you, Anna, though she was the more beautiful woman of the two."

"At any rate *you* are not blinded by love!" she told him. "I've just been telling Roland that he idealizes me."

"Haven't you learnt yet that all Roland's possessions are perfect?"

"Hush Jim, you shouldn't say that! All the same what he really approves of in me is all the characteristics that he thinks a wife should have—he simply rolls them all up in a bundle, and endows me with the lot. I am conceited enough to think I possess plenty of lovable qualities, and I'd rather

be loved as an ordinary human woman than as a compendium of all the virtues! I want to be straight, Jim; I wonder if I could make him see me fair and square, if I were to put myself on canvas as I really am!"

"You've nothing awful to reveal, have you?"

"No—no! But I want him to see—*Me!* and not the embodiment of all that a Woodford wife should be," she replied impatiently.

Jim rose to be going.

"What I'd like you to see is that he's—*He*—and you can never alter him. The woman he marries will be perfect because—she is the woman he marries."

"I ought not to discuss him," she said, playing with the pearls. "It is hardly loyal."

"Perhaps not. But get on with your likeness, my dear; if he doesn't care for it I'm sure to. Good-bye!"

The wedding had been postponed to the end of the Session, and since Anna was one of those women with the sense to relegate the vexed question of clothes to the experts in shops, she had time to spare. So she threw all her energies into her portrait. It seemed to be an outlet for a certain nervous irritation which was growing on her. She had talent, though it was of an unstable, fluctuating type. But it was there. She also possessed some psychological insight, and that innate honesty which often accompanies the artistic temperament. And the likeness began to live.

She became absorbed in it. For once she had been able to express herself, and she firmly believed this to be the last flicker of a talent not strong enough to withstand the wider emotional experiences of mature life. As the popular wife of a prominent public man she would have to sink the feeble claims of her art to those of society.

When her work was at last done she knew it was good, and after that came a time of reaction. She had seen little of Roland during the last month, the special work of the Royal Commission on which he was engaged had almost absorbed him. And she had been surprised to find how easily she could do without him.

His commission work ended just as she finished her painting, and, though she would not own the fact even to herself, she was sorry. Yet when she went back to look at her likeness she decided the woman portrayed there had too much courage to indulge in mental subterfuges—she must face the

fact that her attitude towards Roland had changed from that of a girl in love to that of the disillusioned married woman of some years' standing.

She was proud of him—yes! She respected him; it was impossible to do otherwise. Equally impossible was it to focus him anywhere but in a committee room or on a platform.

Already, before she was a wife, she had lost the first haze of romance and saw naked facts.

"And that's just what I blame him for not doing!" she thought, and smiled ruefully at her own lack of logic.

Lately she had avoided seeing Roland for long alone; she had developed an instinctive dread of personalities, so she decided to have the safeguard of numbers when she showed him the likeness. It seemed to her a good opportunity for a little function, so she asked him to dine with her at the flat in Kensington which she shared with an aunt. To make a fourth she invited one of those nondescript women who seem especially created to water down other people's emotional elements, and make a dinner party square.

Later they all went up to the studio, where the canvas was on view.

"I hope you will like it, Roland," said the girl, timidly, nervously tugging at the pearls which she wore for the first time that night.

There was a long silence when the man surveyed the portrait, the other two discreetly keeping in the background. At last he spoke.

"My dear child," he said, adjusting his eyeglass. "I like anything *you* do—but here you have by no means done yourself justice!"

"I want you to leave me out of the question," she said irritably. "Look at it honestly, merely as a piece of work. Is it good?"

"To leave you out of the question is just what I cannot do!" he replied. "It is clever enough without doubt—but a caricature."

Jim pushed forward eagerly.

"It's not!" he said bluntly. "It's Anna herself!"

His brother turned on him with good-natured tolerance.

"My dear fellow," he asked, "how can you know Anna as I do?"

But Jim ignored him.

"How did you do it?" he asked the girl excitedly. "Why,

Anna, it's great—it's the real thing—genius! You live, faults and all!"

Roland's suave voice intervened.

"I think I am the best judge. Anna has credited herself with less beauty and more character than she as present possesses. Later——"

"Oh don't predict that you are going to mar my beauty as the price of developing my character!" she laughed.

"All the Woodford women have been beautiful——" he began sententiously, but Jim cut in rudely.

"Blow the Woodford women!" he shouted. "Can't you see, man, that Anna has, brains, and beauty, ay, and defects too in plenty, and they are all writ big on that canvas!"

Roland was offended, but Anna only laughed.

"I wanted you to see me as I am," she exclaimed. "I've told you that often enough."

"I am not without discrimination," Roland answered coldly. "I have always seen you so. And you, I hope, have always seen me as I am."

She raised her troubled eyes to his.

"No," she confessed, "not till this moment. And now——"

There was a moment's awkward pause, then Roland glanced at his watch.

"I am sorry to leave so hurriedly," he said stiffly, "but I told you before I had an important engagement. I must be off."

It was a fortnight later that Jim Woodford met Anna walking down the Mall.

The girl flushed when she saw him, paused, went on, and then stopped. She was embarrassed and had lost all her pretty self-assurance.

"Jim," she asked, as he shook hands, "do you know?"

He nodded.

"Saw it in the *Morning Post*," he said. "Roland has not troubled to tell me personally that his engagement has been broken off."

"I expect you blame me awfully," she faltered. "It's all my fault."

"Of course!" said Roland's brother.

"You see it was the likeness," she explained incoherently.

"When I saw the likeness, and Roland's attitude, and yours," he told her, "well I looked in the *Morning Post* for developments."

She glanced at him and laughed.

"I should feel worse," she said, "if Roland were really hurt. But he isn't, it is only his pride."

"Oh Roland will recover, no fear! He will marry another woman—more beautiful, more clever, more rich, more everything that matters, in three months—take my word for it. He'll do it just to prove how much better he could do!"

"Well, she'll adorn the Woodford pearls better than I!"

"No," he said simply, "I believe you to be worthy of the pearls!"

She was pleased at that.

"You can walk on with me while I explain," she said.

"You needn't explain," said the man soberly. "Don't you think I understand you, Anna? Roland fell in love with a symbol which chanced to be embodied in you, but which merely stood for the Woman suitable to be the Parliamentary's wife, and bear the name of Woodford. As for you—well Roland is a fine representative of his class, and you are not the first woman to mistake love of an order for love of a man!"

"You see clearly, Jim," she sighed. "Yet oddly enough the world at large credits Roland with the brains!"

"Most people," he said succinctly, "mistake the wheels for the works."

"Perhaps you can solve one problem for me," she continued. "What shall I do with the likeness? It is too good to destroy—under the circumstances it can never be exhibited—I don't want it!"

"There is but one thing you can do with it," he said emphatically.

She glanced at him enquiringly.

"You can give it to the man you really learn to love. He is the man who will truly appreciate it."

"But——" she began, and paused.

"Anna!" he said, standing still, and speaking very fast.

"Anna, I appreciate it—I want it!"

"You?" she asked, and looked at him, and looked quickly away again.

"You must know! You must have guessed! You told me, Anna, that you want a man to love you for what you really are. That likeness of yours was self-revealing, dear, more self-revealing than you know, and I want it!"

"But not yet," she whispered. "It is too soon!"

"Well perhaps not yet!" he agreed impatiently.

DORA FOWLER MARTIN.

MISCELLANEA

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

PHASES OF A STATUTE.

THE Oath of Supremacy was a work of genius in its way, and from the first consummately adapted to catch consciences, both tough and tender. Renewed from time to time, it was not quite, under succeeding sovereigns, the same agency which it had been under Henry VIII. and Elizabeth. The highly intelligent machinery of the so-called Reformation in England was never plain, and never meant to be plain, to the popular eye. Our ancestors were great admirers of "Matchavil," and usually outdid him. The New Learning laboured at length to set up one catchword or sow one impression, as an astute person will sometimes enter into a long conversation for the sake of getting in an apparently incidental remark. Saying things at large, and saying them in the plural, while some special clause, well camouflaged, is really the beginning and end of the whole matter, was a pet device of the earlier penal age. Small wonder that simple minds were wholly misled and subtle minds brought to bay and given over to vacillations! This applied particularly in regard to the rights of the Holy See.

An honest people, scourged by Tudor self-will into hypocrisy, does not recover in one generation, nor even in two. Cunning, slipperiness and casuistry were still running strong in the reign of Charles I., and not only among the Roundheads. Cromwell's grim cant was the only possible set-off to the instabilities of "the Fair and Fatal King." In fact, Parliament, as an out-and-out enemy, gave the Recusants less of misery, because less of tormenting uncertainty. Nobles and gentlemen of the old faith were flocking unanimously to the royal standard and suffering for the royal cause while King Charles, from his court at Oxford, issued public manifestoes to disclaim their help in the field, and to deny their access to his councils. Despite all this playing to the Puritan gallery, everything went on as before. Thousands of Cavaliers, in the wake of Carnavon, Gage, and that adorable person, Sir John Smith, Knight Banneret, gave, with unperturbed satisfaction, their life-blood for the crown. A cer-

tain incident happened nearly a dozen years before the outbreak of "the Warres," which was the chief of many straws indicative of the moral wind's blowing in a new direction. It concerned the desire of aliens to qualify as naturalized subjects of this country; and the official dealing with this desire displayed a sudden and excellent candour.

Master John Brydall, of Lincoln's Inn, collected in 1677 a mass of State Papers: his manuscripts are in the library of Queen's College, Oxford. The old Oath of Supremacy (1 Elizabeth) is set down on f. 52 as approved (6 Charles I.), to be taken by would-be Englishmen, "utterly renouncing and forsaking all foreigne Jurisdictions, Powers, Superiorities and Authorities." But it is now most carefully explained, A.D. 1631, that the application of that wholesale clause is "onely to the usurped authority of the Pope and sea of Rome, or others, within the domain of the King of England: in this sense onely this Oath is administered, and is to be taken and understood." Moreover, "any who is bound to any other foreign Prince or States may safely take this Oath without any maner of scruple . . . and bee a subject to eyther . . . giving to each Prince or State due allegiance and fidelity within the severall jurisdictions and dominions: and the one doth not crosse the other."

A delightful bit of opera-bouffe! It appears that any man,—

He might have been a Rooshian,
A Frenchman, Turk, or Proosian,
Or perhaps Eye-tal-i-an,—

may hang on, without examination, to his bygone politics: he need by no means be off with the old love before he is on with the new. His sworn declaration that he "utterly renounces and forsakes all foreigne Jurisdictions" comes to this: that he engages to cease being a Papist, if he is one, and to refrain in future from Papistry, if he is not one! He receives the divertingly lucid assurance that to any "other" than "the Pope, or others," he may remain, "without any maner of scruple," as faithful as he please. He scores by a negative, and answers in kind a question of degrees. He learns not to venerate anything else, but to flout Peter's spiritual fatherhood of sixteen centuries. Growling to order against the origin and history of British civilization, he becomes automatically a Briton, while true Britons in exile for

conscience sake, and sore-hearted over their birthright, take rank thereby at home as "italianated" outlaws, potential traitors, or, at kindest, "fugitives over-seas."

Of course this "trewe meaning" was implicit all along. The times responsible for the original Oath could never have afforded to put away its juggling and protective verbiage. Prolonged reiteration, they believed, could establish anything as fact. All this about the implied dangerousness of supposititious princes encroaching on the island realms represents a code of etiquette created in order that some single premeditated gesture may have a natural look, or figures as ninety-nine dummies of no account added to the needful dummy set up in a field for recruits to shoot at. "The Pope and sea of Rome or others": these last gentry were mentioned by crescent Protestantism with her tongue in her cheek. There were no others, except those still other "others" to whom applicants for citizenship here might cling until death did them part. The mid-seventeenth century dared to see it and say it, because English thought was more logical then, and also more vocal, than ever before or since. Were you a Carolian man or woman, you either ran hot-foot after the old vision of Christian unity, or you heartily recognized, as the one national bogey, Rome. It may be taken as certain that the commentary preserved by Brydall was a help towards final clearing of the air. There was no dearth of humour in the little England of 1631, and much private laughter must have rippled about the mock-pious status, plainly revealed, of petitionary "aleyns borne." As we know, laughter is often the best of path-finders for Truth lost in a fog or bog of man's making. Anti-Catholic legislation was to be almost more meticulously cruel than ever for a century after the downfall of James II., yet it was, and it had to be, straightforward. Its religious spades were called spades.

L. I. G.

SERVILITY TO THE TUDORS.

HOW incomprehensible it always seems to us, that the great Catholic Church of old England, though still in quite a good moral state, should have gone down before the Tudors with only such slight and passing resistance! And incomprehensible it must remain in large measure, for it was unreasonable; and unreasonable because criminal. If, how-

ever, some explanation is demanded, we say that it was occasioned by servility to that masterful dynasty, the Tudors. Yet even this, however true in itself, does not illuminate our minds much, unless we have before us some definite examples of such servility. In Cardinal Gasquet's new book, reviewed in the previous issue, we find an apt illustration of the degree to which this strange lack of proper independence could proceed.

The English Hospice of St. Thomas at Rome, the forerunner of the College, was founded about 1360, by some poor but enterprising English craftsmen in the Holy City, several of them rosary-makers, *Paternosterrarii*. The institution was self-governing, and as it supplied a very definite want, it was soon much patronized and fairly well endowed. The confraternity that founded and ruled it then spread even to England, and brought in a regular income to the Hospice, where the money was put to excellent use. So far all was private enterprise. The nation as a whole had contributed nothing, still less the Government or the King.

But as its buildings grew, English grandees, especially the English Ambassadors to the Pope, began to put up there. Then from the hospitality shown to the Ambassador, who was often a Bishop, the step followed of the King's representative exercising authority in the institution; until suddenly, "from our Palace at Westminster, 29 January 1486," comes a royal letter, claiming complete control over it. "We order and exhort you all, and each of you severally, that you strictly observe, and cause to be observed by others, the statutes drawn up by *Our Orator* (Ambassador). These statutes are made for the Hospice, . . . and intended for all time. And lest our commands, which we are unwilling to think possible, be set at naught, we order this Official letter to be inscribed in the Official book of the Hospice, . . . Should any one disregard this injunction, we desire you to make known his name to Us, &c, &c." The Tudor King, Henry VII., has thus calmly asserted his power even over the constitution of the institute, and is so sure that he will be obeyed, that he only needs to hint at the punishment which will follow any resistance.

Fairly cool! we cannot but say, and fairly comprehensive!! He that usurps the right of making laws has extended his power over everything worth having. As might be expected, the next royal letter was to establish the King's power over the funds. The actual letter is lost, but the answer leaves

no doubt about its tenor. With the obsequiousness usual at the time, the Authorities of the Hospice make no demur, and give up their fundamental right. "They fully acknowledged that the institution was not a private charity, but a national establishment," though this was the exact contrary of the facts. But with the elusiveness so dear to weak minds, they protest that the archives "and the accounts are well and carefully kept," and with this they avoid further answer. Such diplomatic evasion, however, did not long suffice. The Tudor sovereign soon won complete control of all; though in distant Rome, with the Pope at their backs, there was abundant power to resist, if resistance had been in fashion.

However this conclusion may be, we have seen enough of the arrogant Tudor temper and of weak submission in Tudor subjects, to realize that, even when the Sovereign wanted to introduce schism and heresy, the resistance he would meet with would in all likelihood be miserably insufficient.

J. H. P.

CATHOLIC PROPAGANDA.

IN all the newspaper diatribes against Bolshevism an almost irresistible force is attributed to the Bolshevik powers of persuasion. This or that country is in a state of unrest, this or that trade is limiting output,—why?—because of "Bolshevist propaganda." And Governments everywhere exhibit alarm at the devastating effects of the Bolshevik pen and tongue, forgetting two things—first, that it is in their power to oppose propaganda to propaganda, their resources being at least equal to those of their opponents; and second, that error only makes its way in default of truth, the human mind having no liking for falsehood as such. All that the secular governments have to do, therefore, is to follow, or better, to precede the Bolshevik, show (if they can) the non-existence of the grievances which their foes rely on, and teach the masses political and economic truth. But political and economic truth has always an ethical side, and ethics, or the laws of right conduct, cannot be effectively taught without religion. Having, unfortunately, discarded religion and silenced to the best of their power its exponent, the Catholic Church, secular governments have grievously handicapped themselves in their propagandist efforts. And, responsible as they are for so many shady transactions, past, present and prospective, secular

governments are at best ill-equipped as apostles of righteousness. It must give M. Lenin peculiar pleasure to arraign, as he does, the various Powers, who think so meanly of him, with various crimes against liberty and justice which, not unseldom, are at least superficially probable.

There is, in fact, only one really efficient propagator of truth, that institution which speaks with the knowledge and authority of her Founder, Christ,—the Catholic Church. She has made headway in all ages by the moral persuasiveness of her teaching. She has, normally, no other instrument for extending her influence but the word of truth appealing to man's conscience. All her children are *ipso facto* commissioned for the task: their talent of Faith rusts unused at their own peril, and perhaps one of the surprises and terrors of the Judgment will be the penalties attached to such dereliction of duty. How few realize the *responsibility* which the gift of the faith, whether conferred in childhood or in maturer years, carries with it, especially in a non-Catholic country? To those, then, endowed with the true Faith God has committed the task of saving Christian civilization in these latter days, not merely by making known the truths of revelation but also, and now more particularly, by showing how social disorder can be remedied by their application. How slow we are to recognize that trust?

Reflections like these are bound to arise when one contemplates the lamentable want of union amongst Catholics in this land, the difficulties hitherto encountered in binding all Catholics into one non-political body, for public action when the faith is threatened,¹ the poor support given to that admirable instrument of propaganda, the "Catholic Truth Society," which practically owes whatever life and energy it has displayed during its quarter-century of existence to the apostolic zeal of one exemplary layman, the struggles for existence which the "Catholic Social Guild" had to go through before it reached its present state of (very comparative) prosperity. That an immense amount of work, considering our exiguous numbers and material resources, is being done by the Church in this land cannot be denied: the educational and charitable works of our devoted religious, male and female, and of the various diocesan organizations for the re-

¹ The question is often asked what does the "Catholic Confederation" aim at which is outside the scope of the "Catholic Union," and *vice versa*? Why is our tiny Catholic body provided with two such organizations, neither of which is at all adequately supported?

lief of the needy, alone confer huge benefits upon the community, but all that energy and zeal coexists with appalling apathy, and sometimes through want of co-ordination is not used economically.

The "Catholic Truth Society"—to return to this salient example of invaluable but poorly supported effort—is, apart from the pulpit, our most direct means of propagating the faith amongst our non-Catholic brethren. Its chief means of doing so is what used to be the Penny Pamphlet, containing short, clear, logical explanations of Catholic doctrine, elucidation of points of controversy, applications of ethics to current questions, lives of the best exemplars of Catholic principle, episodes in the long story of Church history—all that is needed, in fact, to make the Faith known both to outsiders and in. One would think that this apostolic work would number its active supporters by tens of thousands, and that there would be no church or chapel or Catholic centre of any kind but would form a nucleus of distribution for the Society's publications. But there are, alas! scores of such centres that make no use of them, and out of the 2,400,000 Catholics of Great Britain hardly one in a thousand pays the Society's modest annual subscription of ten shillings. Consequently, admirable as its work is, it has never reached anything like its due development. Were its membership multiplied only by ten, its output might be enormously increased and the penny pamphlet restored to its place as its most effective weapon. With present printing rates, this would at first mean subsidizing those publications, but money could hardly be better spent, and as sales were adequately pushed and editions became larger, they would at length cover expenses. What the Bolshevik does, or is said to do, to spread class-hatred and anarchy should not be too high an aim for Catholic zeal.

Directly connected with this subject is the wonderful Free Library movement which finds at present its chief centre of energy at Bexhill-on-Sea.¹ Here again there are scarcely any limits to the apostolic utility of such means of propaganda. Our great foe is ignorance and false knowledge, in quarters especially which the penny pamphlet does not readily reach, and the plentiful diffusion of our now considerable stock of good Catholic books, historical, philosophical, apologetic, scientific, doctrinal, etc., and our large stores of fiction which illustrate and enforce Catholic morality, is prac-

¹ See, for a description of its methods, "The Apostolate of the Library," *THE MONTH*, November, 1918.

tically the only way in which we can combat those foes on a large scale. The work of the Bexhill library is growing rapidly,¹ and so are the aims and aspirations of its promoters. At present it caters for the whole world, but it would gladly see similar centres established in every diocese of the kingdom. Unless the public mind is provided with books which are sound from the standpoint of Christian morality, it must needs be fed by what is unsound. Here again there is work for the zealous laity, a direct and fruitful apostolate. Donations of money and books are investments which are not exposed to the danger of repudiation or the fluctuations of the market, but bear a sure and permanent return.

With some rudimentary organization of forces, some comprehensive plan of campaign, some sense of unity and solidarity, these dreams of bringing Truth back to this pagan country might speedily be realized. The National Congress is approaching, a time for common religious stock-taking. Let the individual take stock as well and ask himself what return *his* particular Talent is producing.

J. K.

II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH

Class-War in Germany.

With the breakdown of constitutional government in Germany, caused by the unsuccessful attempt of the Junker party aided by the army to upset the Coalition, the old class-war has broken out again with renewed violence. We have no authentic record of what has occurred, and the situation changes day by day, but this much is certain, that the establishment of peace and the beginnings of national recovery will be deferred by this hateful endeavour of one section to dominate another. Our Socialists rejoice at the prospect of the "dictatorship of the proletariat" coming into being, thus showing that a spirit of revenge, not a desire for justice, inspires their zeal. Even granting that capital as represented by the *bourgeoisie* is exercising a ruthless tyranny over the workers, where is the justice of reversing the process? There is surely no need and no justification for tyranny on either side. The State exists for the benefit of all the citizens indiscriminately, and in a democratic State all citizens should share the responsibility of government. Class-legislation by the common authority is a gross abuse of power. The more keenly

¹ Its output now reaches a hundred volumes a day, and about 10,000 books are in constant circulation. The number of separate titles, out of over 15,000 volumes, is between 3,000 and 4,000. Catalogue, from the Librarian, 2s. 6d. : First supplement (January) 3d.

such legislation has been, or is felt and resented, the stronger should be the determination, not to perpetuate it in another form, but to put an end to it. If hitherto the "ruling classes," composed of the wealthy and well-born and socially important, have had their own interests mainly in view, it is no remedy that the proletariat—a loathsome name which those to whom it is applied should be the first to repudiate—coming to power should emulate the wrong-doing of their predecessors. Such are the dictates of reason in this matter, but reason has rarely full play when a sense of injury, deep-seated and inveterate, fills the heart. The main cause of class feeling is not the envy of the "proletariat," but the arrogance of the "superior" classes. No exhortation to the workers to restrain their demands within the limits of justice and to do their duty as citizens, will have any effect unless accompanied by a full, frank, free and penitent admission on the part of their rulers that these latter in the past have often failed to do theirs. No legislator should ever forget the crimes against God and human nature committed for generations by soulless capitalism in this country, aided and abetted by the legislature which should have protected the defenceless. The records of that brutal time show what a debt has to be repaid to "labour," and what wrongs have to be expiated,¹ for the spirit that produced those enormities is alive to-day, only held in check by the resistance of the workers and the tardy and often ineffective action of the law. Just as infamous bureaucratic despotism of pre-war Russia inevitably produced Bolshevism, so whatever class-consciousness and class-hostility there is amongst us is the natural outcome of the greed of the Mammonites, *who never do, nor have done, justice to the workers except when compelled by force.*

How Socialism impedes Progress. To this fact we mainly attribute the folly of our Socialists, as well as of those of Germany and elsewhere, in aiming at the abolition of that natural and fundamental right of man, private ownership, which is essential to the existence of the Christian family and to the liberty of the individual. The cause of "labour" will suffer a grievous set-back unless it dissociates itself from these extremists. The untried schemes of nationalization of coal-mines and what not, which they advocate with the view of arriving gradually at their communistic ideal, have checked, as

¹ In 1814 frame-work knitters managed to increase their wages to 24s. or 15s. a week for a 12 to 13 hours' day. At this a Southwell clergyman wrote: "Abundance thus rapidly acquired by those who were ignorant of its proper application hastened the progress of luxury and licentiousness and the lower orders were almost universally corrupted by profusion and depravity, scarce to be credited by those who are strangers to our district." This was the common attitude of the "upper" classes towards the "lower" for many generations. See *The Skilled Labourer, 1760-1830* (Longmans).

recent bye-elections show, the movement in favour of industrial reform, and given the Prime Minister the needed rallying-point for his heterogeneous following. In so far as Labour has identified itself with Socialism, he feels himself, and is, completely secure in defying it. Here, as not often in his career, he is on the definite and firm ground of principle, and working for the real good of the commonwealth. The Socialists have as little right to declare private property used as capital intrinsically unjust, as the fanatical Prohibitionist has to denounce alcoholic drink as intrinsically evil. The special Trades Union Congress, held in London on March 11th, showed their sense of this by rejecting, by an overwhelming majority, the miners' demand that nationalization of coal-mines should be forced on the Government by "direct action," *i.e.*, a general strike. There may be much to be said for the nationalization of this particular industry: it is a very open question still, and the Coal Commission, whilst unanimously condemning the old pre-war state of affairs, could indicate no agreed remedy. But it would be intolerable for a section of a single trade, even though the majority, to claim the right of deciding on a course which might be of grave injury to the community, and of forcing its acceptance by a general strike. The right to strike is the worker's charter of liberty, but like every other right, it can be abused.

**Defeat
Socialism by
remedying
Grievances.**

Yet mere reaction is a fatal course. Reaction, some one has said, makes revolution. Instead of, at this first threat of Socialism, rushing to form "Liberty Leagues," "National Defence Associations," and what not; instead of Capitalists banding together into Trusts and Confederations for the better protection of their gains—an unwise policy in any case, for the more widely diffused property is the safer it is, and the consumer, who has the last word in legislation, has no sympathy with great amalgamations which often batten on his needs—instead of summoning the country to what is in effect a class war, if men would only recognize the evils for which Socialists are preaching their ineffective and immoral remedies, there would be a much better chance of saving society. But, strangely enough, when we consider the signs of the times, especially the inappeasable labour unrest the whole world over, there is little trace in the world of commerce and politics of the wholly new ideals towards which Labour is struggling. Men flatter themselves that things will settle down, once production has increased and material needs are more easily satisfied. "It has always been so," they say, "after great wars," forgetting that the unrest was widespread before the war, and that Labour took part in that great upheaval in the expectation that in the reconstructed world its rightful claims would

be recognized. It wants justice and freedom, and it is still far from attaining either. Statesmen are making no effort to give effect to the tardily-recognized claims of personality. Capitalists still look upon the workers as instruments of production. Hence the discontent which mere wage increase cannot allay. Men are not free who are liable to be the sport of forces set in motion by other human wills, without knowledge or regard for the interests of those affected. Yet this is the condition of those property-less wage-earners whose subsistence depends on the manipulation of the market. Men are not justly treated when they are made tools for the production of wealth, without a due share in the prosperity they create. In the three weeks' sittings of the Court of Inquiry into the dock labourers' demands for a wage of 16s. a day, nothing was more noticeable than the indignant repudiation on the part of the men's advocate of what he called the "fodder-basis" of remuneration, according to which wages should vary directly with the price of food. The living-wage in his eyes—and herein lies the whole difference between the old order and the new—should cover not merely the necessities but the amenities of life: leisure, recreation, and the security which comes from funds laid by. The rights of labour, as the American Bishops point out in their famous manifesto,¹ are not confined to a subsistence-wage in the present, but cover what is necessary to make provision for the future. The workers, in other words, want a change of *status* and are not content, in spite of the Socialist misuse of the word proletariat, to be segregated from the rest of the community as an inferior caste.

**Dangers before
the
Labour Party.**

So it is a source of concern, to those who want Labour to come into its own, to note its readiness, led by its socialist wing, to adopt all the shibboleths of the class-war and to claim as its allies all bodies in revolt against the existing order of civilization, without in any way investigating the morality of their aims and methods. It is enough for a certain type of mind, brooding over unjust social conditions, that a party calls itself revolutionary, to claim and welcome its support. To that type all modern society seems essentially corrupt. But the average working-man is not an anarchist, even though he feels that he is badly treated: he wants justice, as everyone does, and will struggle for it, but not with the desire to be unjust to others. Wherefore one is glad to notice the accession to the ranks of organized labour, of not only distinguished men who find no seeds of progress in the old parties, but of many members of the salaried classes, the "black-coated proletariat," who, perhaps even more than the manual workers, feel that they are being inadequately

¹ *Social Reconstruction*, p. 17.

paid. This fusion of social classes will, we trust, prevent that abnormal development of class-consciousness which so readily issues in class-warfare. Even though the immediate interests of labour and capital are not identical (for clearly the more one gets the less the other gets, of a limited product), still their general interests are—peace and security and a reasonable share in the amenities of life. There is no reason in the nature of things for class-strife, any more than there is for international strife. Man is naturally acquisitive and competitive, but he has given him reason and free-will to keep those natural instincts under control. They were kept under control, both by conscience and law, in industrial relations until the spread of Adam Smith's pernicious doctrine of "free competition" broke up the old fellowship of labour into the hostile camps of work and capital. We regret the more that Labour should be still under the influence of false philosophical systems. In the programme of a Glasgow Working-men's College, printed in the *Scottish Review* (Winter, 1919), many of the books prescribed are of a materialistic or agnostic character. On the other hand, in Ireland, although James Connolly's teachings have a certain vogue, they still meet an antidote in Catholic doctrine, and the President of the Irish Labour Party was able to assure the Catholic Truth Conference in October last that "The working men and women of Ireland . . . believe that our faith and our country's future are entwined inseparably."

We believe that the responsible leaders of Labour, who in the more or less proximate future, will have the destinies of this country in their hands, will seek their ends by evolution, not revolution. The responsibility for class-warfare rests chiefly on those defenders of "property" in the nineteenth century, of whom *The Times*¹ says: "The cynicism with which property manipulated the machinery of the Parliament and the judiciary to maintain its position is one of the darkest blots on the history of English institutions." Such injustice has naturally provoked reaction, but the general level of humanity is nowadays much higher, and it is unlikely that Labour, unless it is still exposed to the like injustice, will retort in kind, or indeed retort at all.

**Why Out-put
is
Limited.**

To judge from public utterances, the sole remedy for present disorder devised by the politicians is more production. Undoubtedly the terrible scarcity caused by the war is one primary cause of the burden of high prices, and there will be no considerable relief to the consumer until that wastage is made good. It is a sad thing, but intelligible in the circumstances, that, in 1919, the first year of peace, there should have been more

¹ Feb. 12: review of *The Skilled Labourer, 1760—1834*. (Longmans.)

workers involved in trade disputes than in any year for the past thirty. The country needed more and more production, the workers demanded the new earth they had been promised, or, at any rate, some recognition that the old conditions were not to be re-established. They were not going to produce wealth to benefit their employers only: they were not going to labour that others should have the means to be idle. This psychological factor in the situation has been ignored by the commercial world, only keen to resume or to continue its pursuit of gain irrespective of justice. The need for more intense production is hopelessly hidden from the workers' eyes both by the enormous profits of the great capitalists, and by the luxury and extravagance of the idle seekers of pleasure, a parasitic horde whose doings, carefully noted by those that have to toil, naturally serve to maintain and heighten their discontent. Here is a caustic comment on that class, whose existence, harmful to the State in normal circumstances, is doubly so at present, written in a Labour journal.¹

THE PRODUCERS.

The great heart of the nation is sound. Miners and railwaymen and nasty folk of that kind are no doubt slacking in their usual style. But the people that really count are putting their backs into it. Go down to Victoria station any morning at 11 o'clock—when the Calais boat train goes out—and see them leaving their homes in hundreds to do their bit for England and the Empire. Just what work they're going to do, just what they're going to produce, I'm not sure. Most of their baggage is labelled "Monte Carlo"—which is probably a colliery town, or something of the kind.

In the old days the sports and amusements of the well-to-do were admired by an uneducated, unorganized, unintelligent working-class, too anxious about necessities to desire superfluities, and seemingly content with their inferior status because of their very lack of ideals. Now the workers realize that it is to their exertions that the non-producers owe the leisure they so flagrantly misuse, and they slacken exertion accordingly. If there were more producers the burden of work would be more evenly distributed, which is as important for social contentment as is the more equitable distribution of wealth.

The Superfluous Middleman.

The State in its industrial aspect is made up of producers, distributors, and consumers, categories which are distinct, although a given citizen may belong to more than one. Under one aspect, all are consumers, but such as are not consumers only may be either producers or distributors. The wealth of the com-

¹ *Daily Herald*, Feb. 18, 1920.

munity will vary with the number and energy of its producers, and its social health upon there being a due proportion between them and the other classes. Under the head of producers should be reckoned all who supply genuine human needs and conveniences (not luxuries or merely artificial demands): thus the Governmental services, military and civil, clergymen, school-teachers, doctors, lawyers, bankers, literary folk, clerks, domestics, etc., are all in this wide sense producers, as are also those distributors who are necessary to bring the product to the consumer, *e.g.*, the various transport services. The drones in the social organism are the consumers who produce no wealth and the distributors who are superfluous. The problem for every healthy State is to keep down the number of its mere idlers and to get rid of its unnecessary middlemen. The ideas of civic duty have yet to spread a long way before our society butterflies learn to take their share in the work of the world, and so fulfil the Pauline condition for earning the right to eat. As for the middlemen, one of the strongest points in the miners' case for nationalization is the consequent elimination of numerous agents who intervene between the coal in the mine and its final destination, each finding his living in increasing its price. A similar phenomenon appears in every great industry, for, according to our strangely inverted scale of social values, it is considered more respectable to be a middleman than a producer, and indeed an idler—one who can afford not to work—than either. And so, rather than take part in production, a number of superfluous middlemen will fasten upon certain commodities, it may be necessities of life, on their way from producer to consumer, extract their toll from them, and raise the cost of living in proportion. This problem, to get rid of the unwanted distributor and turn him into a producer, can only be solved by some system of co-operation between producer and consumer. It is not reasonable, then, to call upon the workers for increased output, unless you give them some guarantee that their labours will not merely tend to perpetuate the old system, and that the rest of the community is ready to bear its share of the common burden caused by the war. Yet Mr. Bevin, the able and eloquent advocate of the dockers in the late Enquiry, gave Labour exceedingly sound advice when he warned them in their own interests not to practise "ca' canny." Deliberate reduction of output, whatever its immediate benefit, can only prolong the period of dearth which makes social recovery so difficult.

**Taxation
of
War Wealth.**

The evidence given by the Board of Inland Revenue before the House of Commons War Wealth Committee discloses the singular fact that, while the country at large has become almost bankrupt on account of the war, many of its citizens have

become extremely wealthy. Some 340,000 people have become richer, directly or indirectly, through the war, and the aggregate amount of their wealth is said to be about 3,000 millions.¹ How much of this is due to illegal profiteering, how much again to legal but immoral gain, no attempt is made to show, but the continued revelations made by the Central Profiteering Committee's reports show that trust after trust is busily engaged in exploiting the community. During the month the Committee announced that the world's motor-fuel was practically under the control of two enormously powerful combines,² and actually recommended appeal to the League of Nations for the protection of the consumer. Later in the month³ a sub-committee disclosed the existence of an Electric Lamp Manufacturers' Association controlling practically the whole trade, and charging prices far in excess of a reasonable working-profit. One gets the impression that there is hardly a single great industry or amalgamation which is not making excessive gains out of the community. And hence the demand that a great proportion of these profits should, by taking or taxing, revert to the State which, by the security and stability it confers, has enabled them to be made, is increasing in volume and intensity. Opinions differ as to the feasibility or the financial effects of a direct levy on capital, but everything points to the necessity of protecting an impoverished country from the depredations of conscience-less trusts, and reducing our colossal debt by steeply-graded taxations of large fortunes. The alternatives are the Socialist remedies of nationalization and conscription of wealth.

**Coalitions, Civil
and
Religious.**

With the political difficulties of the Coalition we have no concern, although its career offers much that is of interest to the student of politics. Originally formed in a patriotic determination to combine all the forces of the country for the one purpose of winning the war, it justified its formation by its success. But trouble began when that one over-mastering motive was removed, and the two opposing principles of Liberalism and Conservatism began to chafe in juxtaposition. The problem has ever since been to find in the myriad interests of domestic affairs some single equally powerful motive for union, justifying the continued repression of party aims and the unwilling acquiescence in measures more or less repugnant to political convictions. The Premier, as we have seen, has sought this motive in resistance to the collectivist views of a certain section of Labour—a dangerous move in our opinion as tending to make the cleavage between parties economic rather than political, and so fostering class-

¹ Statement of the Chairman, *Times*, March 17.

² *Times* report March 2nd, p. 11.

³ *Times* report, March 17.

warfare. But we mention this here only to point out the analogy between this and the very similar process that has been long going on in the non-Catholic religious world. There the scandal of disunion in face of the foes of Christianity has apparently become intolerable, and earnest men of every sect are seeking a basis for reunion. But the sacrifice or suppression of principle which is possible in pursuing a political aim of surpassing and universal importance, is impossible in this other case, for religious principle is the expression of truth, not of fallible and changeable opinion, and in proportion to their very earnestness religious men will hold fast to their principles. In other words, true union between the sects could only result from the discovery and recognition that what keeps them apart is not principle but expediency, and that their original dissensions were unjustifiable, that Christ founded only one Church and not a variety, each presenting a different aspect of truth to suit different temperaments. In the nature of things the movement can never succeed, for, even supposing that the various Protestant Churches did at one happy moment arrive at an identical agreement concerning the full contents of the Christian faith, what is there to prevent them at the next moment disagreeing again? It would have been, presumably, through the exercise of their own reasoning powers that they reached unanimity, but, apart from some external infallible authority to which all owe and give allegiance, their private judgments will not keep them there. What man has joined together, man may, and probably will, put asunder.

**The Sects
founded
in Rationalism.**

And so it is with wonder mingled with compassion that the Catholic observes the ever-recurring efforts being made by non-Catholics to undo the effects of the Reformation without abandoning its principles. If reason, apart from external authority, is to be their basis of union they are building on a quicksand. And in so far as they repudiate the only authority which speaks with power and claims infallibility, the Catholic Church, they are one and all of them rationalists,—some of course more openly so than others. Nonconformists as a rule reject the Sacramental system, the ministering of Divine grace by consecrated officials and external rites. Dr. Sanday, Mr. Temple, Canon Glazebrook and the Anglican modernists generally, will have nothing to do with miracles, even those of the Gospel. The first-named makes the "man of science" his criterion. "We [Christians] ought to be able to assure the man of science, 'I do not ask you to accept anything really abnormal'."¹ Canon Glazebrook openly gives up the Virgin Birth and the Resurrection. Seeing that these men

¹ See *Church Times*, Feb. 13, 1920, review of Dr. Sanday's *Divine Over-ruling*.

retain their benefices, and no shepherd of the flock dare say them nay, it becomes—to use some mild words of the *Church Times*¹—“increasingly difficult to deny that a non-miraculous Christianity is now regarded officially as tenable amongst us.” We should think it impossible. But stay! One Anglican Bishop, greatly daring, did show us how desperately far his communion could go in anathematizing open heretics. “In my opinion,” said the Bishop of Chichester lately, “the man should not continue in office—I do not say should not continue his Church membership, (1)—who believes that Joseph was the father of our Lord, and resurrection of the body only means immortality of the soul.” This is the Anglican version of St. Paul’s *anathema sit*! The Bishop pronounces his opinion and the men continue in office and the Anglican Church goes on claiming to be the Church of Christ!

**The Orthodox
Church and
Heresy.**

We read from time to time of visits paid by certain Armenian and Serbian dignitaries to this country, and, knowing that in the eyes of the Orthodox, the Anglican Church is an heretical body, we may be surprised that its prelates act as if they were in full communion with it. Anglicanism, of course, welcomes them with open arms, having long dreamed of union with the East as a means of more effectually opposing the intolerable claims of Rome, and is content to overlook the fact that the Greeks do not recognize Anglican Orders. It supports the claims of those schismatics to Sancta Sophia, because the fact of a great Christian See being established there would tend to obscure the uniqueness of the Papacy. It badly wants an offset to Rome. But what brings these Orthodox prelates to England is not a longing for Christian unity but the pressing need of protection against the savagery of the Turk. Aiming at arousing Christian sentiment in their support, and knowing that in the eyes of Westminster they must needs be as the heathen and the publican, they have no choice but to go to Canterbury, and, if so advised, would doubtless go as readily to the Free Church Council. What they want is the moral and material support of English Christianity, and that, in their dire distress, they assuredly should have, for, if it were not for England’s support of the Turk in days gone by, Armenia and the neighbouring Christian peoples might ere this have been free. Catholics in this country will not be behindhand in the same cause. The Catholic Patriarch of Babylon has told us how the Chaldeans are being persecuted by the Turks, and the Archbishop of Trebizond, who has all the Catholic Armenians under his jurisdiction, is now in our midst, bearing his testimony to the ruthless barbarism of that beaten yet

¹ *Ibid.*

still murderous foe. Alas! for the new era in international politics. The Turk, lately denounced by the Premier in language Gladstone might have envied, seems likely to get off with that scolding, owing to international jealousies. France, it would seem, is the official protector of the Syrian and Palestinian Christians; therefore England, to counteract that influence, must "protect" the Moslem. Hence, it is said, the Government *volte face*, made plausible by a carefully engineered Moslem agitation.

**Privileges
to Irish
Freemasonry.**

Last month we commented on the singular fatuity displayed by the Government in proposing to foist upon the mainly Catholic people of Ireland, on the very eve of its preparing to withdraw altogether from interference in all such domestic matters, an educational system which would give Irish Catholics much less security in regard to their faith than we possess in this non-Catholic land. Now in the Home Rule Bill itself the Government proposes to exempt from legal jurisdiction, in a country the bane of which has always been secret societies, the most notorious of all, viz., the Freemasons, and this by name, as an integral part of the new Constitution! In November, 1916, revelations were made in Parliament concerning the oath taken by the Dublin Metropolitan Police, which prohibited the rank and file from being members of any political or secret society *other than the Society of Freemasons*, and as a consequence of that exposure that obnoxious clause was expunged.¹ That Police Oath was framed in 1836, after Emancipation, it is true, but whilst "Protestant Ascendancy" was still the chief aim of the Irish Government, and the more elaborate provisions for the welfare of Freemasonry in this Bill of 1920 show more clearly than words the permanence of the same spirit. We do not know whether this Bill, which an Ulster Catholic Bishop has uncompromisingly denounced as "A Bill for the Permanent Partition and Plunder of Ireland,"² is going to pass or not; it is in the singular position of being grudgingly accepted by the anti-Home Rulers and scornfully flouted by the rest of the country; but this cynical proposal to exempt from the ordinary jurisdiction of Parliament and the Courts in an Irish State a secret society like the Freemasons, deserves pillorying as a monument of legislative absurdity.

**Bigotry the Root
of the
Irish Difficulty.**

The fear that these egregious clauses imply—the fear of religious persecution—is more obvious in various discussions about the Bill. The Orange leader, who declared openly in Belfast that the Home Rule question centred on religion,³ was only ex-

¹ See THE MONTH, Dec. 1916.

² v. in *Catholic Times*, March 20, letter by the Bishop of Derry.

³ "In all controversies upon the Irish question we make a great mistake, and statesmen make a great mistake, in thinking it wrong to refer to the religious

pressing what everyone feels. The avowed object of excluding the Ulster counties of Donegal, Cavan, and Monaghan from the proposed Ulster Parliament is to secure Protestant Ascendancy in that body.¹ The "grievance" of the Unionists in the South of Ireland is precisely that they are left to the tender mercies of a predominantly Catholic Parliament. The odious assumption, ineradicable from the Orange mind because so expressive of the traditional practice of Orangeism, that Catholics will inevitably use political power to penalize their countrymen on religious grounds, and that Protestants as such have a right to rule,² permeates the whole opposition to the Home Rule proposals. Against this assumption so insulting to their faith, Catholics of every land, irrespective of their political allegiance, must needs protest, especially as it is accompanied by an entire disregard for the interests of Catholics when they are in a minority. The southern Protestants, who, as a matter of fact, are generally in perfect social accord with their Catholic neighbours, represent 8.2 per cent of the population. The Ulster Catholics, in what is intended to be the Orange enclave in the N.E., number 33.3 per cent of the whole—in the entire province Catholics form 43.7 per cent—but, by the Bill, constituencies are so arranged that the fullest representation they could hope for in the Ulster Parliament, even with all the advantages minorities secure under P.R., is 13 out of 52 members. In other words one-third of the population may hope for at best one-fourth of the representation. When we contrast this with the generous allowance made for the southern Protestants we realize in what sense Sir E. Carson considers this a religious question. By framing its Bill in accordance with the fears and ambitions of Orangeism, the Government had done its best to foster religious dissension in Ireland. If the question *de facto* is a religious one, that is only because the Orange party, through their bigotry and against the will of the Catholics, have raised a wholly illusory bogey of persecution.

THE EDITOR.

difficulty." (Sir E. Carson, Sept. 2, 1919.) His July 12 harangue at Holywood, *The Times* styled "a direct appeal to religious bigotry." Lady Templeton's admission of the same fact, *i.e.*, that the Ulster difficulty is really a religious difficulty, we have already quoted (*THE MONTH*, May, p. 380, Aug., p. 171, 1919).

¹ This is naively confessed in the very petition against exclusion sent by the Unionists of these three counties to the Ulster Council wherein they argue that the Ulster Parliament "can alter the franchise, raise it if necessary and redistribute the seats" and so, if only a Protestant majority can be secured at the first election, "*it can be made safe for all time.*" (*The Times*, March 15.)

² Cf. Sir Walter Scott: "The Protestants of the old school, the determined Orangemen, . . . reminded me of the Spaniard in Mexico, and still seemed to walk among the Catholics with all the pride of the conquerors of the Boyne and the captors of Limerick." (*Life*, c. lxiii.)

III. NOTES ON THE PRESS

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles which 1) expound Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) expose heresy and bigotry, and 3) are of general Catholic interest.]

CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

- Democracy**, The, of St. Thomas. [A. O'Rahilly in *Studies*, March, 1920, p. 1].
Mass, The Origins of the [F. Vigourel in *Revue Pratique d'Apologétique*, March 1, 1920, p. 666].
Theology, The Philosophical Basis of [M. d'Herbigny in *Revue Pratique d'Apologétique*, March 1, 1920, p. 641].

CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

- Carpenter**, Mr. Edward, and Christianity, [J. Clayton in *New Witness*, March 5, 1920, p. 290].
Catholic Propaganda [*The Month*, April, 1920, p. 365].
Catholicity in Philippines, Sad Plight of [Rev. T. A. Murphy, C.S.S.R. in *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, Feb., 1920, p. 89].
Missions, Foreign : a Programme of Action [Right Rev. R. Sykes, S.J. in *Ecclesiastical Review*, Feb., 1920, p. 129].
Pan-Protestant Projects [Floyd Keeler in *America*, Feb. 7, 1920, p. 34].
Protestant Missionary Aims [A. d'Alès in *Etudes*, March 5, 1920, p. 532].
Serbian Schismatics and the High Church Party [*Tablet*, March 13, 1920].
Spiritualism, H. Greeley on [H. Thurston, S.J. in *The Month*, April, 1920, p. 346].

POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

- France**, New Spirit in [L. Veuillot in *America*, Feb. 16, 1920, p. 365].
Gospels, How to read the [J. Verdunoy in *Revue du Clergé Français*, March 1, 1920, p. 352].
Lithuania, Ecclesiastical Outlook in [Rev. J. J. Kaulakis in *Ecclesiastical Review*, Feb., 1920, p. 153].
Priest, The, and the School [Rev. J. Cavanagh, C.S.C. in *Homiletic Monthly*, Feb., 1920, p. 421].
St. Paul, The Tactics of [Rev. L. M. Murray in *Ecclesiastical Review*, Feb. 1920, p. 190].
Tcheko-Slovakia, The Church in [J. Hanus in *Revue du Clergé Français*, March 1, 1920, p. 333].
Woman's Suffrage in Spain [P. Villadu in *Razón y Fe*, March, 1920, p. 273].

REVIEWS

I—THE MANCHESTER GRAMMAR SCHOOL¹

THIS book bears as a secondary title the designation of "regional study of the advancement of learning in Manchester since the Reformation," and is by Dr. Alfred Mumford, M.D. We do not quite understand, from the words of the short preface, what is his precise personal connection with this Manchester school, whether that of a former *alumnus*, or of a medical attendant, but he writes from its address, and speaks of himself as, "owing to the Governors of the Grammar School the opportunity of watching for the last ten years the work in which the present headmaster [Dr. Paton] is engaged, in the carrying on of a great experiment in democracy, which consists in the persistent breaking down of class and caste barriers, giving scope to the talented of all classes, and encouraging the less fortunate to a fuller self-expression." Dr. Mumford has, at all events, had access to the best attainable materials for his work, and the encouragement of all who are interested, officially or otherwise, in the history of a school which appeals with success to the loyalty of Manchester people. He has been enabled, too, to enrich the volume with reproductions of several interesting old pictures illustrative of the history of the school, a portrait of Margaret Beaufort, from the National Portrait Gallery, being placed as a frontispiece, and two bird's-eye plates of the city in 1650 and 1760 being inserted.

The school was founded originally as a grammar school by Hugh Oldham, a Bishop of Exeter in the early part of the sixteenth century who was a Lancastrian by descent, and one of that little group of scholars who, sustained by the Lady Margaret, Countess of Richmond, were fired with the desire to advance the cause of English education and did so much to endow institutions for its improvement. Dr. Mumford, in view of this, begins his history with a reference to the institutions of the mediæval period. As this lies outside the scope of his subject, we need not blame him though we may regret that he shows himself unfamiliar with the work of

¹ *The Manchester Grammar School (1515—1915)*. By Alfred Mumford, M.D. London: Longmans. Pp. x. 563. Price, 21s. net. 1919.

Mr. A. F. Leach, and fails in consequence to realize how constant and comparatively extensive was the provision made for education in the previous period, and how perverse it is to think of Edward VI. as the originator of grammar schools, whereas all that he did, or rather was done in his name by his regents, was done to save his face by applying some small fraction of the vast endowments he and his father had plundered from the Church funds to opening the few grammar schools which misleadingly boast of his name. We need refer only to the misunderstandings involved in the following passage:

The scholars for whom Hugh Oldham built the school must have presented a curious appearance at its first opening, which probably took place in 1515. There would be small boys from the chantry schools training for choristers, learning their alphabet from the older boys or from the usher. Their school education would be complete when they had acquired the use of the Song Book for the services in the Church. There would be a few very serious boys . . . who possessed traditions of knowledge inherited from Lollard ancestors.

In the first place, there was no essential connection, and hardly so much as an occasional practice of teaching "choristers" in the chantry schools, which were called such because the endowments by which the chantry priests were maintained were granted on condition that they should sing or say Masses for the souls of their benefactors on certain days. Often it was a further condition, and still more often a common practice that these chantry priests should teach, free of all further charge, the children of the neighbourhood, not how to sing only, if at all, but what they were capable of taking in, whether grammar or elementary subjects, and not those only who were destined for the Church, but those also who had no such intention. Moreover, these chantry schools were not the only schools, apart from the monastic schools, for besides these were the cathedral schools, the canonicate schools, the collegiate schools, that is, those attached to collegiate churches, and likewise guild schools, hospital schools and city schools, in fact, a complete system of schools, all free, and intended not for clerics only, but for the children generally of the nation. We call attention to this because it is a fact commonly misunderstood, but which when remembered, proves that it was not necessary to look to the des-

cendants of the Lollards, not a specially educated lot, for a supply of studious boys and girls.

In the time of Elizabeth, the cream of Oxford scholarships adhered to the old religion, and were forced to fly for refuge from persecution to the Continent, and this was the reason why the first generation of Protestant ministers, though there were some men of learning among them, consisted so largely of men whose intelligences were as untrained as their lives were scandalous. Still, gradually things improved, educationally as well as morally, in the new Protestant Church, and then began the period in which schools like that of Manchester took a place which they are entitled to look back upon with pride. The author gives an interesting account of the stages through which the school has passed to its present stage of excellency with an average so far of 1,000 boys in ordinary attendance, and an increasing number preparing for and attaining to degrees at the older universities or the newer and more local. On this part of the book we have no criticism to make, except perhaps that the record is a little dry, that is to say, for outside readers. For Lancashire men, with their creditable local spirit, will find the narrative lit up by the fires of their patriotism, till it becomes very far from dry. It is really a very splendid record to build up which the high character and enterprise of the head-masters have combined with the responsive efforts of their energetic students.

2—A SOLDIER OF CHRIST¹

IT is not because he laid down his life, a martyr of charity, on the battle-field, after having done heroic service during his two years of military chaplaincy in the late war, that we style Father Doyle a soldier, but because he was fighting all his life long against God's enemies within him and without, his most relentless and persistent struggle being to force his own human nature to scale the heights of sanctity. One is irresistibly reminded of Francis Thompson's great allegory—*The Hound of Heaven*—in reading the detailed record of this holy priest's spiritual combat. For God's love pursued him incessantly, calling for ever fuller surrender of self, and although this God-touched human soul neither hid nor fled

¹ Father William Doyle, S.J. By Alfred O'Rahilly. Illustrated. London: Longmans. Pp. xii. 340. Price, 9s. net.

from the divine Lover, there was always the need to subdue the craving of the natural man to be allowed to enjoy the good things of life. The attraction of gravitation, so constant and so cumulative in its effects, is but a feeble image of this longing of human nature after earthly satisfaction and its reluctance to rise above itself. So much your even Christian knows, that is aiming at avoiding sin and saving his soul. But when, not the commandments but the counsels, not mediocrity but perfection, is the goal, how unresting must be the effort, if this heavier-than-air machine, the human complex, with all its earthward attachments, is to be kept at a high level in the rarefied atmosphere of holiness. It could not be done, of course, without supernatural help, but God expects the soul to do its share, and His help is generally more visible in the result than in the process. In the biography before us, the greater part is devoted to this strangely-fascinating story of the ways of God with His creatures. Quite apart from the charming personality revealed to us, the book is on this account of the utmost importance to students of the spiritual life, and its value is enhanced by the manner in which Professor O'Rahilly has taken occasion of his subject's supernatural aims and achievements to give them their place in the Church's devotional system, illustrating his theme by parallels drawn from a wide range of ascetic reading, ancient and modern. We cannot help thinking how fortunate Father Doyle has been in having found so sympathetic and prudent a biographer, to whom could be safely intrusted the mass of intimate self-searchings and self-communings, of spiritual ideals and aspirations, of recorded successes and failures, that the accident of his sudden death, far away from home, left to the chances of misinterpretation. These intimate records would beyond all doubt have been destroyed,—in fact, the box containing them was labelled "to be burnt unread,"—had their author had the final disposal of them. They were meant for his own eyes alone; this story of his soul's importunate wooing by its omnipotent Creator. But the letter of his wish has been wisely overruled, in view of the fact that he would have desired, had it appeared to him so, to continue his Apostolate after his death; and this, by means of this striking volume he will certainly do for many years to come.

Professor O'Rahilly passes shortly over the early days of Father Doyle's life, partly from lack of material, partly presumably from a sense of more important matter to come.

But enough is told to show the future hero even in the child. His life was all of one piece. His school-days were passed at Ratcliffe College, Leicester, after which he entered the Irish Novitiate of the Society in 1891. Ordained priest in 1907, his sacerdotal career, before he became a chaplain, lasted barely eight years, yet during that time he is said to have given 152 missions and retreats, besides the ordinary "parish" work of preaching and hearing confessions. It was a *métier* in which he shone, owing to his natural gifts, his quick sympathies, but above all, to the zeal which devoured him and which itself was fed by almost unbroken prayer and mortification. Making free use of the abundant self-revelation contained in his subject's notebooks and diaries, Professor O'Rahilly devotes three poignantly interesting chapters to the "inner life," led by Father Doyle himself and taught out of the abundance of his knowledge to the souls under his charge. To those unversed in the science of the saints and the tradition of Catholic asceticism, above all to the "animal man" of whom St. Paul speaks, there will be much in these chapters which is unintelligible, trivial, even repellent. Some Catholics even will need the author's skilled interpretation to see the worth or the justification of many of the devices Father Doyle used to bring himself under subjection, or to assimilate his life to that of the Redeemer, for in this pleasure-loving age, people are too prone to shrink from the "word of the Cross, to the Jews a stumbling-block and to the Gentiles foolishness." Of course, as the author points out, temperaments and dispositions are of endless diversity, and God fulfils Himself variously in different souls. Even Father Doyle, we may suppose, like his Father St. Ignatius, was sometimes making spiritual experiments: moreover, however ruthless, and it may be imprudent, in his treatment of himself, he was a model of discretion in his prescriptions for others. And, after all, the end—the possession of God—and the motive—God's love—are the same for everyone, and what the means employed are depends greatly on the force of the motive. Father Doyle aimed consciously and constantly at sanctity, and his love was such that it needed suffering, even extreme suffering, to satiate it. We venture to think that these three chapters, so candid in their self-revelation and so aptly illustrated, will do much to perpetuate amongst Christians the spirit of true asceticism, which is as far removed from fakirism on the one hand as it is from

hedonism on the other. As a matter of fact, it was Father Doyle's inner life of self-conquest that gave him his wonderful power for good, and crowned his labours with such a plentiful harvest of souls. And his harshness towards himself, so far from souring him, making him fanatical or dimming his natural gaiety, made him cheerful, gentle and winning in all his relations with others. He was abundantly justified, if ever it crossed his mind to question the ways by which God led him, by the fruitful results in which they issued.

And even the unbelieving world, faced with the splendour of his heroism in the field, may come to realize that self-conquest is the better way in the natural order too. Only a man dead to self could have risked his life so constantly as Father Doyle did in the service of others. Attached to a single regiment (the 8th Royal Irish Fusiliers), Father Doyle was always with his men when they were in the front line. The two chapters devoted to his experiences as chaplain, told mostly from his home letters, are as vivid as anything we have read about the war, and throw a wonderful light upon both its horrors and its consolations. Father Doyle was so fearless in the discharge of duty that his men came to believe that some rule prevented chaplains from receiving the V.C. ! Not that he desired any such recognition: in fact, he prayed that he might not receive any, and, though his name for this and other decorations went more than once to Headquarters, it was only a few months before the end that he was awarded the M.C. But he did not need the world's praise for which he did not work. He was only displaying on a public stage, forced thereto by the necessities of war, the heroic qualities which had ever adorned his private life. Men saw merely the outward tokens of a victory long since won.

He was killed by a shell on August 16, 1917, at the end of the fourth battle of Ypres, after a day in which his intrepidity had shone out conspicuously, even amidst the exploits of a band of heroes, so that several war-correspondents made special note of him. A chorus of tributes from all who had worked with him was raised at his death—by general-officers, by his comrades, by the rank and file, even by the Belfast Orangemen, with whom he was frequently thrown. And that praise, we feel, will reverberate in the hearts of all who read this inspiring record of one of God's true heroes. His memory will do much to sweeten the sordid world he has

left, acting as a reproach to the cowardly and sensual, an encouragement to the weak, a spur to the fervent, a source of legitimate pride to his country, his Order, his family, and his faith.

3—AGNOSTIC SUPERSTITION¹

RECENT events have thrown a strong light on the importance of Science as a factor in our intellectual development. Its claims are no longer disputed, the danger is rather that its value may be exaggerated; that Science—as we understand the word—is treated as the sole and exclusive method of arriving at truth. The train of thought which leads up to this conclusion is obvious enough. We judge Science by its achievements. Its many conquests over distance, disease and darkness provide satisfying evidence of its intellectual validity. Many do not stop at this stage. They recall the past history of ideas, be they philosophical or religious, condemn them all as futile in the light of modern knowledge, and by an easy transition conclude that the followers of Science alone use reason aright. It is precisely this attitude of mind which the author of the book under review seeks to create in his readers, or rather presupposes. He calls it Agnosticism, as will be seen by the following quotation from the Introduction:

It is not the purpose of the present work to furnish a defence of the Agnostic position. That task was sufficiently carried out by the writers of last century, and in my work, *Modern Science and the Illusions of Professor Bergson*, I said all that seemed necessary in destruction of metaphysical pseudo-knowledge. The purpose of the present book is not destructive but constructive. If we take our start from Agnosticism, it means no more than that we embark on our enquiries with minds free from the encumbrance of superstition.

We pause here to notice that this starting point, advocated by the author as the only possible one, is, to say the least, open to debate. We have only to consult Sir Oliver Lodge's address on "Continuity" to the British Association in 1913, or Mr. A. J. Balfour's "Humanism and Theism," to see what may be said on the other side. In other words, the present author, with the intellectual arrogance peculiar to his kind, classes all who differ from him as votaries of superstition.

¹ *Modern Science and Materialism*. By Hugh Elliot. London: Longmans, Pp. 211. Price, 7s. 6d. net.

However, let that pass: after all, we are agreed that the methods of Science do get at truth; we have only questioned the validity of the assumption that truth can be attained in no other way. We are quite prepared to accept the facts which scientists have thoroughly investigated, and also the conclusions drawn from them, *provided* these conclusions are the only possible ones in harmony with the facts. However, the author is convinced that these facts inevitably lead to a materialistic philosophy, of which the main tenets are—(1) the uniformity of law, (2) the denial of teleology, and (3) the denial of any forms of existence other than those envisaged by physics and chemistry. Briefly, no miracles, no providence, no spiritual entities. He contends that any other form of philosophy is untenable if the results of Science are accepted.

His contention, to put it frankly, is quite unsound, and made plausible only by drawing a distorted picture of the actual state of Science. On reading the book we get the impression that there are no such things as probable explanations in Science; that all the conclusions stated are quite irrefragable. We venture to disagree. The facts are undisputed; not so their interpretation. To take a concrete example. On p. 8 we are told that "most of the great generalizations of Science, such, for instance, as the Law of Gravitation and the first two Laws of Thermodynamics, are so solidly established that the discovery of any contradictory fact is scarcely conceivable. . . . Thus it happened that these great principles, which may rightly be called philosophic, are based upon a stronger foundation of certainty than *any* single fact can claim." And in a footnote: "Without prejudice to the Principle of Relativity. As to how far Newton's Laws may be an absolute and final expression of the facts, is a question I do not raise." *De facto*, the motion of the perihelion of Mercury could not be explained by the old law of gravitation. Further, Einstein's new law, which does explain this motion, is still in difficulties about the results of a certain astronomical experiment. And the second law of Thermodynamics is not so certain that it can be validly applied to *all* phenomena. If Professor Soddy's little book, *Matter and Energy*, be consulted (pp. 101—105), we find that its application to the living processes of conservation of energy is still a moot point. On p. 104 of this work it is said: ". . . there seems to be a consensus of opinion that they (life processes) cannot possibly

obey it (the second law of Thermodynamics) because the chemical energy of food suffers direct transformation into work without first being converted into heat. As will later be discussed, the second law would not then operate." It seems difficult, if not impossible, under these circumstances, to state that these laws are "so solidly established that the discovery of any contradictory fact is scarcely conceivable." And it follows, that to build up a philosophy of Science which assumes as proven the absolute universality of such principles, takes the risk of constructing on a foundation of sand.

To sum up. The book does give a readable account of a line of thought familiar to us since the days of Huxley and his contemporaries; but we think that its attempted defence of the agnostic position, which on other grounds we know to be demonstrably unsound, is not even such as the standard of to-day demands. Then, the first flushes of success carried scientific dogmatism to extremes; now, even agnostics are able to view things more clearly, and realize that the new facts afford only probable evidence for many conclusions which were at first thought to be secure. To construct a system of philosophy which promotes a probable opinion to the rank of certainty will only appeal to those who have already adopted the agnostic attitude. It is to the last degree "superstitious" and unscientific, and illustrates once more that the real defenders of the rights of reason are not to be found amongst the agnostics.

SHORT NOTICES

MORAL THEOLOGY.

THE French are being accused amongst us to-day of militarism and chauvinism: let their politicians and generals look to it. At any rate, from the pulpit of Notre Dame last Lent, whilst the Peace Conference was sitting, the famous *conférencier*, Père Janvier, O.P., boldly declared—"I should put no trust in a compact wherein this principle was not set above all others: 'God has a right to be honoured as He desires; man has both the duty and the right to honour God as God desires.' The labours of the diplomatists will inspire me with no confidence unless they set at the head of their juridical monument—'Thou shalt adore the Lord thy God and Him only shalt thou serve.'" The diplomatists unhappily were preoccupied with other deities—Mars, to wit, and Mammon—with the result we know and deplore and must as far as possible rectify. Père Janvier, in his exposition of Catholic morality, was dealing last Lent with *La Justice envers Dieu* (Lethielleux: 6.30 fr.), and the study of his eloquent pages will teach us that man's performance of

his duty towards his fellows depends essentially on his performance of his duty towards God.

The well-known **Asserta Moralia** (Beauchesne: 9.25 fr.) of Father M. Matharan, which went through twelve editions under the care of its original author, now appears in a thirteenth, adapted to the New Code by Father P. Castillon, who has, moreover, almost entirely re-written and expanded the *pars generalis*. Amidst a crowd of competitors this compendium, long familiar to many generations and thus brought up to date, seems likely to hold its own successfully.

BIBLICAL.

As is well known the Catholic Church considers as inspired Scripture all the O.T. books found in the Septuagint, whilst non-Catholics take their Old Testament from the Jews. As the canon of Scripture was still disputed amongst the latter a century after the foundation of Christianity, it follows that non-Catholics reject what they call the "Apocrypha" on the authority of the Jewish Church, whilst Catholics accept those same deuterо-canonical books as part of the tradition of early Christianity. But besides these there were many Scriptures claiming to belong to the O.T., such as 3 and 4 Esdras, and 3 and 4 Macchabees, which all parties agree in rejecting, and many mere fragments, a full account of which is given by Dr. M. Rhodes James, Provost of Eton, in a highly interesting volume—**The Lost Apocrypha of the Old Testament** (S.P.C.K.: 5s. 6d. net)—the title indicating the fact that these legends survive only in extracts or formal lists. The learned Provost assigns many of these to early Christian times, their origin, as in the case of the N.T. Apocrypha, being the natural myth-making tendency of the unregulated human mind or the deliberate purpose to gain credence for heresy by forgery.

APOLOGETIC.

The Apostle, seeking a phrase to describe the Divine Essence, said "God is Love." Hence we are not surprised that God, whilst giving His creatures a share in His own Intelligence, should share with them also the Divine capacity of loving—a gift which may be reckoned the most important of our equipment as, according to our use of it, we shall succeed or fail in our eternal destiny. M. l'Abbé Sertillanges, in **L'Amour chrétien** (Gabalda: 6.00 fr.), has analysed this lofty faculty of our wills in its various manifestations, whether towards God its Author or towards His creatures in their different relations. A most exhaustive and illuminating little treatise.

DEVOTIONAL.

The spread amongst us of the practice of making retreats, than which no more efficacious means exists for the renovation both of the individual and of society, renders Père Antony Boissel's **Retraites Fermées** (Beauchesne: 7.00 fr. net) of great interest and importance to those who have anything to do with the work, whether as directing or recommending it. It is the fruit of wide experience in conducting retreats to every class of people, except, indeed, the not-unimportant class of women-folk, whose case on that account is relegated to a short Appendix. Apart from that, nothing could be more methodical and practical than the treatment here accorded to the work of retreat giving and making.

The functions of the director and his various officials, the arrangement and equipment of retreat-houses, the means of propagating the practice, the various kinds of retreat, the order and discipline of the retreat itself, and the different "industries" that help to make it go—all this is set forth at length, and a useful index directs attention to the salient points.

A retreat-book of a different sort is that to which Father Phelan, S.J., its author, has given the striking title of **From Dust to Glory** (Longmans: 5s.). It concerns the wonderful destiny of the human race secured to them in God's providence by the instrumentality of the true Church, to which in a previous volume, *The Straight Path*, the author had shown the way. Creation, Redemption, Sanctification, and all that these great operations of the Holy Trinity mean for us, are set out in glowing language with much apposite illustration. It is a capable performance on the grandest of themes, and will help many vividly to realize fundamental truths whose very vastness hinders their due effect.

Mother St. Paul, of the Birmingham House of Retreats, has already enriched our devotional literature with several small but excellent volumes of meditations. Now, in a larger book, **Dona Christi** (Longmans: 5s. net), she collects together spiritual reflections suitable for Ascension-tide, Whitsuntide, and Corpus Christi which have the same qualities of freshness and insight that distinguish her other works. The Bible and the Liturgy serve in her capable hands to illustrate the wonderful rôle that the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Jesus, plays in the sanctification of the human soul, and the study is as fascinating as it is important.

A high compliment was paid by Father Robert Kane, S.J., to the various London and Dublin audiences to whom he addressed the substance of the volume which he now publishes under the title of **Worth** (Longmans: 6s. 6d. net). For under that short title he has managed to introduce a course of fundamental moral philosophy with a solid groundwork of metaphysics, and the argument is generally as close-knit and profound as its embodiment is picturesque. Worth, in the orator's meaning, is the intrinsic value of a thing and of its natural effects. Clearly as from the term "God" can be evolved all rational theology, so this word "worth" embodies all that there is of truth and goodness, both in the individual and in society. How the ripe experience and tried skill of the preacher sets this forth must be sought in the book itself, which will require and repay the most attentive study.

BIOGRAPHY.

Probably few people in this country know much about the saintly career of a Visitation nun who passed her short life of thirty-three years at Marseilles at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and therefore **The Life of the Ven. Anne Madeleine Remuzat** (Gill and Son: 6s. net) will be a welcome addition to our list of edifying biographies. This holy religious lived at a time when worldliness and the poison of Jansenism were working much harm to Catholicism in France, and God made use of her in wonderful ways to counteract these plagues. By the revelations granted her for the guidance of the Bishop of the Diocese, and of many others who sought her counsel, and by the hidden life of heroic spiritual suffering which she led in the cloister, she did much to counteract both the rigorism and the laxity with which she came into

contact. The account of her career given here is drawn from the latest French life, and traces with great delicacy of touch the wonderful details of her apostolate.

The greatest enemies of the Church of Christ have not been the "gates of hell" but those traitors within her own gates who, by their weakness or malice, have laid her open to assault from outside. Chief amongst these traitors, owing to their unparalleled position, have been the unworthy occupants of St. Peter's See who, although few in comparison with the good, have yet done much to obscure the evidences for the Divine institution of the Papacy. Readers of Miss Wilmot Buxton's stirring *Story of Hildebrand* (Burns, Oates and Washbourne: 4s. net) will be confronted with a sad record of bad Popes, whose very wickedness, rightly considered, serves to prove the superhuman stability of the Throne they disgraced, and who served at least as a foil to the glorious figure of St. Gregory VII., God's instrument in rescuing the Papacy from its degrading bondage to the Empire and vindicating its God-given functions. Much light is thrown in these vivid pages on the causes of strife between the Church and the world, that is, between God's revelation calling to service, and the pride and disobedience of fallen man.

HISTORY.

From time to time we have urged in this *Review* the necessity, if England is to be converted and English Catholics to take their due share in the process, of re-writing English history in such a way as to rid it of the falsehood involved in the denial of the Catholic faith. Whilst *THE MONTH* has been talking, Father Hull, S.J., has been acting, and the outcome of his energy and research has appeared not only in the rewritten story of the Armada recently reviewed in these pages, but also in the first volume of a "History of England Series," entitled *The British and Anglo-Saxon Period* (Herder: 3s. net). Here at last is an historian fitted by his possession of the true Faith, his immense industry, his open-mindedness, his proved skill in marshalling facts and his caution in drawing inferences, to put before us an authentic account of that distant epoch. Father Hull is not writing a general history but, in a sense, an ecclesiastical one. He wishes to restore, in the record of ancient doings, to religious influences the place which they occupied in reality, but from which they have been ousted by generations of secular-minded and anti-Catholic writers. He wishes, moreover, to set in their proper light those many points of controversy which have been and are still misrepresented in our popular histories through the ignorance or prejudice of Protestant historians. The crying need of this work, one would think, is obvious, yet there are some strange Catholics amongst us who apparently think it a matter of indifference whether truth or error is provided for our children, if only the teacher is careful to say which is which! A saner psychology would recognize the importance of giving truth the first entrance into the growing mind, so that it may serve as a standard by which to test all subsequent knowledge. So we trust that all teachers will second these pioneer efforts of Father Hull—he himself looks upon them only as such—to arrive at a true record of facts and logical deductions from them, by using and, if need be, improving his book. This present volume comprises the period

down to 1066, and a sufficient framework of secular events is provided to give the history of Church affairs their true place.

Quite a different aim appears in Miss Wilmot Buxton's **Social History of England** (Methuen: 6s. net), an excellent attempt to include in one smallish volume an account of the habits and customs of the inhabitants of this country from Anglo-Saxon times onwards, with the main political events which had a bearing on social life. Designed for the use of "Upper and Middle Forms," it is sure to be a favourite with those at school, if only as a relief from the wars and intrigues and genealogies and laws which bore them so. Miss Buxton has accumulated a vast store of pleasantly diversified facts which make most entertaining reading and yet convey much useful knowledge. Herein, at any rate, we find religion recognized as one of the main preoccupations in pre-Reformation times, and a due diagnosis of the real causes of that great disaster. The agitator, "O'Connell," on p. 204, should of course be "O'Connor."

Three essays on early Church History, called **From Peter to Constantine** (C.T.S. of Ireland: 1s. 6d. net), by Mgr. MacCaffrey, and Fathers B. O'Daly and John Blowick respectively, have been published together in a neat volume, and cover fairly well the period indicated. The Monsignor bases his paper—*The Beginnings of the Catholic Church*—mainly on the New Testament, although by an oversight he says that the Apostles returned from Olivet after the Ascension "sad at heart and full of gloomy forebodings," in direct contradiction to St. Luke. In *The Age of the Martyrs*, Father O'Daly gives a very full account of persecution times, before the Church received official recognition from the world she was trying to save, and the completion of the story is given in Father Blowick's scholarly treatment of *The Triumph of the Church under Constantine*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Richard Rolle, of Hampole, near Doncaster, the famous English anchorite, who lived in the first half of the fourteenth century, has never been officially canonized, yet in anticipation of that event an Office was composed for his feast and a record made of his miracles by unknown hands at uncertain dates, but probably before 1400. Three MS. of this Office, two also including the miracles, are extant, and these the Rev. Dr. R. M. Wooley has collated and edited with the title **The Officium and Miracula of Richard Rolle of Hampole** (S.P.C.K.: 5s. net). The lessons of the Office, which are nine in number distributed amongst the three nocturnes, are the chief source of information about the hermit's life. Specimen pages of the MSS. show us at once the difficulty of the editor's task and the skill and knowledge necessary to overcome them.

The anomaly of a national Church like the "Establishment" engaging in missionary endeavour has always been apparent to outside observers. On what reasonable plea should men of alien blood and allegiance be urged to join the English Church, a body under the control of the British Parliament and confined for the most part to British subjects of English speech? This absurdity has at last been realized by the Anglicans in India, and, with the sanction of the Bishop of Bombay, several of them, clergy and lay-folk, have elaborated in **The Eucharist in India** (Longmans: 7s. 6d. net) a "plea for a distinctive liturgy for the Indian Church." The book contains more than a plea, viz., an elaborately

printed form of the suggested Eucharistic Liturgy itself, modelled on the ancient "Syriac Liturgy of St. James" already for many centuries in use amongst the Malabar Schismatics. It is of course in English, but the authors contemplate its ultimate translation into the various vernaculars. Whilst Catholics must feel that a "previous question," viz., the claim of Anglicans to represent in any sense the Catholic Church, and to have a mission to the heathen in India and elsewhere, is suggested by this enterprise, they can freely recognize the scholarship and zeal that characterize it.

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

Miss A. Boursot has translated from the second volume of A. Nicolas' "*Études Philosophiques sur le Christianisme*," the luminous chapter on **Human Nature** (Washbourne: 9d. net), which, brilliant as it is, does not distinguish clearly enough between the historical results of the Fall and the essential goodness of all God's work. In other words, though we can speak of a corrupt nature, a darkened intellect, a weakened will, by contrast with what we might have been, still God might have made us originally as we find ourselves, and He makes nothing bad.

The **Way of Understanding** (S.P.C.K.: 2s. net), by K. E. Kirk, is intended to give the reader a clear idea of what real education is and to suggest the best means of acquiring it. We should be inclined to put first what the author has put last, and to say that education was less concerned with training the mind than with training the will, and that its first object is to teach the real object of life, God's service, and to supply strong motives for achieving it. But what is developed here is all good in its way, and certainly not materialistic or worldly.

The elaborate and lengthy comments of the German Delegation on the Peace Terms called forth in due course a hardly less voluminous **Reply of the Allied and Associated Powers**, which is the last publication (November 1919) of the admirable series of documents relating to the war issued by the American Association for International Conciliation. Cogent as are the Allies' arguments on paper, the logic of facts has already necessitated many modifications of their conclusions, but they remain an eloquent expression—again on paper—of the ideals for which, and the assumptions on which, they took their peoples to war.

Two new *Conférences* in the series promoted by the *Revue des Jeunes* continue that survey of the ideal Christian civilization hitherto so ably expounded, viz., **La Cité de l'Esprit**, by M. Henri Massis, part-author of *Les Jeunes Gens d'aujourd'hui*, and other striking works, which deal with its intellectual equipment, and **La Vie régionale**, by M. José Vincent, an exposition of the functions of the local communities which make up the State.

Vers l'autre Clarté, by Florence O'Noll (La Bonne Presse: 50 c.), has nothing to do with the *Clarté* of internationalism but with the fortunes of a young American lady war-worker whose fiancé loses his sight in the field but gains something better worth having.

Father McLaughlin, O.S.B., in **Conscience and the State** (1d.; 2d. post free), deals exhaustively with the Catholic doctrine concerning the supremacy of conscience as the subjective norm of conduct, showing at the same time the necessity of an objective standard, accessible and in-

fallible (such as is provided by the Catholic Church), if the individual and the community alike are to be preserved from error and conflict.

The revised edition of Father Ross's **Fasting and Abstinence** (C.T.S.: 1d.), giving the law as determined by the New Code, came out after the beginning of Lent, and no doubt has led to some revision of conduct, for the new legislation is both clearer and less strict than the old. We may be permitted to regret that the "local custom" to which the Code refers as determining minor points is not yet made uniform throughout these islands. The differences in diocesan regulations still continue, to the perplexity of consciences and the weakening of the law.

The striking letter wherein the late Protestant Bishop of Delaware, Frederick Joseph Kinsman, renounced his allegiance to his Church and joined the Church of Christ, has been reprinted with an introduction, under the expressive title **The Failure of Anglicanism** (C.T.S.: 1d.).

Another penny C.T.S. pamphlet, **A Guide to High Mass**, will be found very useful by those non-Catholics who attend the Church's central liturgical service. It could not have been published at 1d. unless it had been generously subsidized by a benefactor. Until the price of paper, etc., is reduced, this must be the case with an increasing number of pamphlets, and thus the main work of the C.T.S. must be grievously hampered if the faithful do not combine to support it. A new story, **A Fairy Godmother**, by Miss Leslie Moore, entertaining and informative as it is, will reach less than half its proper circle of readers at its price of 2d.

The touching and edifying story of **The Martyrs of Uganda** (C.T.S.: 6d. net), twenty-two converts of the White Fathers who were put to death in the early eighties by the heathen king Mwanga, and who, it is expected, will be beatified in the current year, is published in view of that occasion, and illustrates alike the savagery still practised in barbarous lands and the courage evinced by the missionaries and their neophytes in witness to the Faith. From the blood of these martyrs, shed forty years ago, has sprung the present flourishing Church of Uganda, numbering nearly a quarter of a million.

That, in spite of the bad example of Bishops and Deans of their body, some Anglicans recognize and denounce the sin of artificial restriction of birth is shown by a vigorous "open letter"—**The Method of Birth-Control**—written by the Rev. B. M. Hancock, of Southampton, and advocating the only Christian method of avoiding the improvident production of children—voluntary self-restraint.

We are not surprised that the vigorous school life which pulsates at Douai, Woolhampton, should have demanded the resuscitation of the school periodical after the lapse of some fourteen years during which it has been in abeyance. A modern school needs some such mode of expressing its spirit and recording its history. The new series of the **Douai Magazine**, which began in January with the first of two yearly numbers, show how much and what varied energy in monastery and school was awaiting expression. We were especially pleased to see a record of the meetings of a Social Study Club, in the present day one of the most important phases of youthful training.

The first number of the **Brentwood Diocesan Magazine** had the melancholy task of chronicling the death of the first Bishop of the diocese. It is a scholarly production containing an article by the late Bishop himself, and various papers relating to historical topics and diocesan news.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION, New York.
Pamphlet 144.

ARNOLD, London.

Education: its data and first principles. By T. Percy Nunn. Pp. vii. 224. Price, 6s. net. *The Child under Eight.* By E. R. Murray and Henrietta B. Smith. Pp. viii. 236. Price, 6s. n. *Moral and Religious Education.* By Sophie Bryant. Pp. viii. 256. Price, 6s. net.

BEAUCHESNE, Paris.

De Ente Communi. By P. S. de Backer, S.J. Pp. 126. Price, 5 francs net. *Histoire d'un Siècle, 1814—1914.* Tom. III. 1845—1860. By J. Burnichon, S.J. Pp. 637. Price, 15.00 fr. *Une Éducatrice au XVIII^e Siècle.* By A. de Nitray. Pp. xxvii. 300. Price, 6.00 fr. net.

BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE, London.

The Story of Hildebrand. By E. Wilmot Buxton. Pp. ix. 166. Price, 4s. net. *The Early Papacy.* By Adrian Fortescue. Pp. 62. Price, 2s. 6d. net.

C.T.S. London.

The Martyrs of Uganda. Illustrated. Price, 6d. net. Several two-penny and penny pamphlets.

C.T.S. OF IRELAND, Dublin.

From Peter to Constantine. Various authors. Pp. 115. Price, 1s. 6d.

DUNDALGAN PRESS, Dundalk.

A Short History of Celtic Philosophy. By H. M. Pim. Pp. 116. Price, 7s. 6d. net.

GILL & SON, Dublin

Life of Ven. Anne Madeleine Remuzat. By Sisters of the Visitation at Harrow. Pp. xv. 237. Price, 6s. net.

GRANT RICHARDS, London.

Writers of Three Centuries. By C. C. H. Williamson. Pp. 515. Price, 7s. 6d. net.

HERDER, London.

British and Anglo-Saxon History. By E. R. Hull, S.J. Pp. xiv. 279. Price, 3s. net.

KING & SON, London.

A First Book of School Celebrations. Pp. 167. Price, 5s. net.

LONGMANS, London.

Dona Christi. By Mother St. Paul. Pp. xi. 170. Price, 5s. net. *Fr. William Doyle.* By A. O'Rahilly. Pp. xi. 340. Price, 9s. net. *From Dust to Glory.* By M. J. Phelan, S.J. Pp. ix. 157. Price, 5s. n. *Worth.* By R. Kane, S.J. Pp. xii. 226. Price, 6s. 6d. net. *Les Lettres Provinciales de B. Pascal.* Edited by H. F. Stewart, D.D. Pp. xxxviii. 360. Price, 8s. 6d. net. *The English Catholics in the reign of Queen Elizabeth: 1558-1580.* By J. H. Pollen, S.J. Pp. xi. 387. Price, 21s. net. *The Sword of Justice.* By J. E. W. Wallis, M.A. Pp. xii. 148. Price, 5s. net. *A World's Assize.* By P. Hookham. Pp. 40. Price, 1s. 6d. net.

MAME ET FILS, Tours.

Catechisme liturgique. By Dom C. Leduc. Pp. 480. Price, 7.50. fr.

METHUEN, London.

A Social History of England. By E. M. Wilmot-Buxton. Pp. xii. 222. Price, 6s. net.

MORLAND, Amersham.

Francis Disrampel in Search of Happiness. By G. E. Goldie. Pp. 219. Price, 6s. net.

S.P.C.K., London.

Erasmus and Luther. By R. H. Murray. Pp. xxiii. 503. Price, 25s. net. *Tertullian against Praxeas.* By A. Soutar, D.Litt. Pp. 125. Price, 5s. net. *Moses, the Founder of Preventive Medicine.* By P. Wood. Pp. xi. 116. Price, 4s. net. *The Way of Understanding.* By K. E. Kirk. Pp. ix. 52. Price, 2s. net.

UNIVERSITY PRESS, Cambridge.

Euclid in Greek. Book I. By Sir Thomas L. Heath. Pp. ix. 239. Price, 10s. net. *What became of the Bones of St. Thomas?* By A. J. Mason, D.D. Pp. x. 106. Price, 8s. net. *Cambridge Readings in Italian Literature.* Edited by Edward Bullough. Pp. xviii. 335. Price, 8s. net.

